

CORONET

PRAISALS OF
AMERICA BY

W. L. Ickes

Charles A. Beard

Thomas Wolfe

John R. Tunis

Retta Palmer

Michael Evans

And 18 Other
Greats of America's
Past and Future



SEPTEMBER, 1940

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

IN GREAT BRITAIN 1/6

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**TO HAVE A COUNTRY WORTH DYING FOR,
ARGUES THE SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR,
WE MUST KEEP IT WORTH LIVING IN**



SAVING OUR LIBERTIES

by HAROLD L. ICKES

TODAY, we Americans have two pressing, imperative concerns—national defense and national unity. We must perfect both to the point of impregnability if we would save our own liberties, to say nothing of binding up the wounds of a broken civilization. And neither must be a matter of barter and sale. Loyalty cannot ask for a *quid pro quo*; we cannot display our patriotism at half-mast.

That we may be able to proceed intelligently, it were well that we should attempt to see, as clearly as possible, just why European civilization is in the throes of the profoundest and bloodiest social revolution—for it is nothing less than this—that the world has ever seen. Perhaps, if we can comprehend the cause, our wisdom may be sharpened to discover similar antisocial trends here, if such exist,

and find an antidote for them before it is too late. For such a social disease as afflicts Europe cannot be cured unless the reason for it is discovered and the proper remedies applied before it is too late. Armaments and men, if sufficient in strength and numbers, can keep a physical foe from our shores; but no way has yet been discovered to keep false ideas out. So our supreme duty to ourselves and to our children is to put our social order in such a condition that it will prove to be sterile soil to any ideology that may threaten our liberties.

It is an easy answer—too easy—to say that Europe has fallen upon evil days because of ruthless and sadistic dictators who, by some act of legerdemain, have built themselves up in power upon the prostrate liberties of their people.

But this is not the answer that will satisfy an inquiring mind. Neither will it be of help to us, in our anxious determination to preserve our own institutions, to say that the Treaty of Versailles is responsible for the death grip at which the democratic countries of Europe find themselves today. We should not put too much blame on the mistakes of Versailles. That the cause lies deeper is proved by the fact that the Scandinavian countries and peaceful Holland were not involved in that tragedy. And Italy's grievances surely cannot be blamed on Versailles.

But the foundation stone of that Treaty was selfish greed. At its dictation, the economy of whole peoples was shattered. And when people despair because the fabric of their social and economic life has been twisted and torn, their desperation becomes fertile soil for dictators and totalitarian states.

I cannot believe that human beings prefer slavery to liberty. But what does political freedom mean to a man who is denied economic liberty? The right to vote is a precious right—there are few, if any, more important ones—but one cannot serve the right to vote for food, nor, with it, clothe and shelter his wife and children. It is easy to rally behind the banner of an

unscrupulous leader those who are hungry and cold, those who see their physically stricken children denied the right of normal health, especially if that leader holds out hopes of plenty that can be had for the taking from a more affluent and weaker neighbor. After all, the predatory instincts of men still lie just under the skin and they are easy to arouse by stirring such emotions as revenge, or hate, or envy.

Another important fact in connection with the rise to absolute power of the European dictator must not be overlooked. And we should ponder this carefully. In Germany, particularly after the first World War, there were great disparities and inequalities—both social and economic. The monied gentry—those who had inherited wealth or who had had special privileges that enabled them to acquire it—little cared what was happening to their less fortunate neighbors. Cynically, they believed that they could always buy immunities, no less than privileges.

But, as social unrest became more widespread and ran deeper in Germany, the monied gentry of that land took fright. Looking about for a protector, they naturally turned to the man of great-

est influence with the people whom they feared. They paid him his price and he used it to make himself and his followers stronger. Then he took what he wanted to use as he pleased, and it pleased him to use it to increase his power. Adequately financed, all that the dictator then needed was devils to belabor, scapegoats upon whose over-burdened backs to heap atonement for the sins of all. For this diabolical purpose he selected both the most defenseless and the most progressive groups in the country: Jews, liberals, pacifists, labor unions, scholars, writers and artists. Gangsters in power have no use for free minds and civilized spirits.

If the monied gentry in our own land still do not understand how Hitler came to power in Germany they should have a heart to heart talk with Fritz Thyssen.

Here are lessons, plainly writ, that all of us should learn by heart. But I recommend them particularly to those for careful study, who, despite what has happened over there, still delude themselves into believing that cold and hungry Americans will not respond to the same stimuli to which the Germans and other Europeans have answered. Regarding what is happening abroad, all of us

may well ask ourselves the question whether, in preparing to repel those who may threaten our liberties from overseas, we should not also be equally assiduous in building up the national unity that we must have if we are to save our liberties from within.

If anyone should say "It cannot happen here," my answer is: It can happen here—and it will happen here unless we do something more tangible to prevent it than merely wishful thinking. And our time is short.

Neither should we delude ourselves that this is no time for social reforms; or that those "huddled masses, yearning to be free" must again adjourn their just demands until we have time to consider them. It may well be that the final decision will rest with those who have always been told: "This is not the right time." They may decline again to water with their hearts' blood another planting of war millionaires which, when cropped, will further widen the already grave disparity between those who do not have enough and those who have too much. Nor should we delude ourselves into thinking that we will not arouse the justified cynical suspicion of the people if, at the same time that we call the roll to na-

tional unity, we toss overboard, under the hypocritical excuse of "emergency" or "necessity," the social achievements that have distinguished recent years. This social progress, with its implementing legislation for the protection of the rights and liberties of labor, is our strongest armor against the threat implicit in subversive activities at home and of totalitarian thrusts from abroad.

We may have time enough if we proceed at once and with diligence to attack our pressing problems with the determination to solve them. But we will not have time enough unless we hurry. England did not have much time, nor did France, although some of their statesmen long ago saw the gathering storm. Holland—and Belgium—and the Scandinavian countries—and Poland—thought that they had plenty of time if, indeed, they had anything at all to worry about. They could not believe that, in this age, a contented and peaceful country, adhering strictly to its own self-imposed, stern neutrality, could possibly be invaded and conquered. They have learned, to their sorrow, that in these modern times, it takes only one to make war. They have learned that selfish greed recognizes no obligation of international honor; that the

road to hell is paved with good intentions—and with glib Machiavellian promises.

The time is too short for any of us to indulge in the luxury, either of self-praise or of profitless recrimination. It does not matter now how many unemployed there were in 1929, except as that fact may be important in making us realize that our recent domestic program won us a needed breathing spell in this country with the result that the "man on horseback" went forth to ride in other lands when he might have ridden here. The depression may be the unwanted child of the Republican Party or of the Democratic Party, or it may be the illegitimate offspring of both of them. It really does not matter now. Now it is the duty of both parties willingly to assume responsibility for doing something about our social and economic situation before it is too late. Today, let all of us compete with each other, in comradely good sportsmanship, for credit for facing and solving a grim task.

It is going to cost money to build up our defenses and cement that national unity, lacking either of which it may be doubted whether this Nation will long survive, at least in the manner and form in which we now know it. It is going

to cost a lot of money. And if we undertake to raise this imperatively needed money in the spirit of letting the other fellow pay it, we are inevitably foredoomed to failure.

In the past, we have had a positive genius for pressing a thorny crown of taxation upon the poor. Recently one of our outstanding business leaders, a man who is credited with being much more intelligent than the average, offered as his solution for meeting the terrible tax burden that the country must lay upon its own shoulders a lightening of taxes on that small group that owns and has at its disposal billions that represent distributed and undistributed profits. He would deny to his government access to undistributed profits, while picking more pennies from the pockets of the poor.

In God's name, if not those who have the means, who are to pay the taxes to give us national unity and build up the national defense, without which the fortunes of our Fritz Thyssens, of greater or lesser degree, may all vanish into the rapacious pockets of some destroyer of our liberties? If we are to face our crisis in a spirit of selfishness and greed, we will be licked before we start. It is appalling to hear

those who have *more than enough* complain about their own tax burden and delude themselves with the belief that a reduction in their taxes will help to alleviate the want and insecurity of those who have much *less than enough to live on*.

There can be no national unity unless our underprivileged feel that this is a country worth dying for because it is worth living in. We cannot expect the people on relief—or those who do not know but that tomorrow they will be on relief—to finance the building up of our national defense and the cementing of our national unity. How many of us would be willing to lay down our lives except in a spirit of a common comradeship based upon the assurance that we all have a stake in the national wealth, in our social democratic order?

We must build up our national defenses to the point where they will be an adequate protection, not only for ourselves, but for those other countries of the new and better world whose immunity from foreign invasion we have underwritten. This we cannot hope to accomplish unless we achieve national unity to a degree that we have never before had in the United States.

It goes without saying that, as

the *sine qua non* of national unity, we must put a stop to all subversive activities anywhere. America will tolerate no "Fifth Column" activities.

While we recognize that the present threat is Nazi-Fascism, we care not whether that Fifth Column be Nazi or Fascist or Communist.

We have no preference as to the color of its shirts, the size of its pocketbooks or the antiquity of its family trees. It will not avail it to misuse the word "Christian" as part of its name, or even to be led by a man in priestly garb or in his country's uniform.

Vast though it is, America cannot spare even an inch of its precious soil to be trod by the traitorous feet of those who, in vile abuse of the freedom which all men are granted here, would Quisling her.

Americans must close ranks. In the belief that the greatest contribution that we can make to civilization is to keep the light of civil and religious liberty burning brightly in our own country, we must make national unity our aim—unity not only of present physical fact, but unity of spirit and aspiration—unity that is based upon a sound democracy and economic security which, in turn, is

founded upon the immutable principles of our truly great Constitution.

Such unity, buttressed by an adequate national defense, would be prepared to uphold democracy in the New World and to protect our shores.

There should, so far as our political life is concerned, be among us neither Catholic nor Protestant, neither foreigner nor native-born, neither white nor black, neither Jew nor Gentile, but only Americans, loving our common country to the point of being willing to die for it—believers and sharers in a common destiny, artisans of a common civilization—the effective and necessary tools of whose artisanship are the inalienable civil and religious liberties guaranteed to us by our Constitution.

Economic security, social justice, equal opportunity under the law—these constitute the trinity to be set above the altar of the temple that America must build and maintain for its citizens. With these as our inspiration, we need have no fear for our national unity.

A civilization bravely maintained upon these principles would be not only one worth dying for, but one worth living in.

THE PROMISE OF AMERICA

by THOMAS WOLFE



GO, SEEKER, if you will, throughout the land and you will find us burning in the night.

HERE where the hackles of the Rocky Mountains blaze in the blank and naked radiance of the moon, go make your resting stool upon the highest peak. Can you not see us now? The continental wall juts sheer and flat, its huge black shadow on the plain, and the plain sweeps out against the East, two thousand miles away. The great snake that you see there is the Mississippi River.

BEHOLD the gem-strung towns and cities of the good, green East, flung like star-dust through the field of night. That spreading constellation to the north is called Chicago, and that giant wink that blazes in the moon is the pendant lake that it is built upon. Beyond, close-set and dense as a clenched fist, are all the jeweled cities of the eastern seaboard. There's Boston, ringed with the bracelet of its shining

NOTE: Thomas Wolfe finished his new novel in the spring of 1938 and left it with Harper and Brothers, his publishers, before starting on a vacation trip to the Pacific Coast. In the course of the trip he contracted the pneumonia which led to his death in September of that year. As was usual with Wolfe, the novel was tremendous: in fact, two novels designated as parts I and II and with the separate titles of "The Web and the Rock" and "You Can't Go Home Again." The former work was published in 1939 with great critical acclaim. "You Can't Go Home Again" will be published this September. The editors believe that this extract from it—entitled "The Promise of America"—is one of the most significant things Wolfe ever wrote. For it expresses about America what no one else, save perhaps Walt Whitman, has felt so deeply or voiced so eloquently.

SEPTEMBER, 1940

little towns, and all the lights that sparkle on the rocky indentations of New England. Here, southward and a little to the west, and yet still coasted to the sea, is our intensest ray, the splintered firmament of the towered island of Manhattan. Round about her, sown thick as grain, is the glitter of a hundred towns and cities. The long chain of lights there is the necklace of Long Island and the Jersey shore. Southward and inland, by a foot or two, behold the duller glare of Philadelphia. Southward further still, the twin constellations—Baltimore and Washington. Westward, but still within the borders of the good, green East, that nighttime glow and smolder of hell-fire is Pittsburgh. Here, St. Louis, hot and humid in the cornfield belly of the land, and bedded on the mid-length coil and fringes of the snake. There at the snake's mouth, southward six hundred miles or so, you see the jeweled crescent of old New Orleans. Here, west and south again, you see the gemmy glitter of the cities on the Texas border.

TURN now, seeker, on your resting stool atop the Rocky Mountains, and look another thousand miles or so across moon-blazing fiend-worlds of the Painted Desert and beyond Sierras' ridge. That magic congeries of lights there to the west, ringed like a studded belt around the magic setting of its lovely harbor, is the fabled town of San Francisco. Below it, Los Angeles and all the cities of the California shore. A thousand miles to north and west, the sparkling towns of Oregon and Washington.

OBSERVE the whole of it, survey it as you might survey a field. Make it your garden, seeker, or your backyard patch. Be at ease in it. It's your oyster—yours to open if you will. Don't be frightened, it's not so big now, when your footstool is the Rocky Mountains. Reach out and dip a hatful of cold water from Lake Michigan. Drink it—we've tried it—you'll not find it bad. Take your shoes off and work your toes down in the river oozes of the Mississippi bottom—

it's very refreshing on a hot night in the summertime. Help yourself to a bunch of Concord grapes up there in northern New York State—they're getting good now. Or raid that watermelon patch down there in Georgia. Or, if you like, you can try the Rockyfords here at your elbow, in Colorado. Just make yourself at home, refresh yourself, get the feel of things, adjust your sights, and get the scale. It's your pasture now, and it's not so big—only three thousand miles from east to west, only two thousand miles from north to south—but all between, where ten thousand points of light prick out the cities, towns, and villages, there, seeker, you will find us burning in the night.

HERE, as you pass through the brutal sprawl, the twenty miles of rails and rickets, of the South Chicago slums—here, in an unpainted shack, is a Negro boy, and, seeker, he is burning in the night. Behind him is a memory of the cotton fields, the flat and mournful pineland barrens of the lost and buried South, and at the fringes of the pine another nigger shack, with mammy and eleven little niggers. Farther still behind, the slave-driver's whip, the slave ship, and, far off, the jungle dirge of Africa. And before him, what? A roped-in ring, a blaze of lights, across from him a white champion; the bell, the opening, and all around the vast sea-roaring of the crowd. Then the lightning feint and stroke, the black panther's paw—the hot, rotating presses, and the rivers of sheeted print! O seeker, where is the slave ship now?

OR THERE, in the clay-baked piedmont of the South, that lean and tan-faced boy who sprawls there in the creaking chair among admiring cronies before the open doorways of the fire department, and tells them how he pitched the team to shut-out victory today. What visions burn, what dreams possess him, seeker of the night? The packed stands of the stadium, the bleachers sweltering with their unshaded hordes, the faultless velvet of the diamond, unlike

the clay-baked outfields down in Georgia. The mounting roar of eighty thousand voices and Gehrig coming up to bat, the boy himself upon the pitching mound, the lean face steady as a hound's; then the nod, the signal, and the windup, the rawhide arm that snaps and crackles like a whip, the small white bullet of the blazing ball, its loud report in the oiled pocket of the catcher's mitt, the umpire's thumb jerked upward, the clean strike.

OR THERE again, in the East-Side Ghetto of Manhattan, two blocks away from the East River, a block away from the gas-house district and its thuggery, there in the swarming tenement, shut in his sweltering cell, breathing the sun-baked air through opened window at the fire escape, celled there away into a little semblance of privacy and solitude from all the brawling and vociferous life and argument of his family and the seething hive around him, the gaunt boy sits and pores upon his book. In shirt-sleeves, bent above his table to meet the hard glare of a naked bulb, he sits with weak eyes squinting painfully through his thick-lens glasses. And for what? For what this agony of concentration? For what this hell of effort? For what this intense withdrawal from the poverty and squalor of dirty brick and rusty fire escapes, from the raucous cries and violence and never-ending noise? For what? Because, brother, he is burning in the night. He sees the class, the lecture room, the shining apparatus of gigantic laboratories, the open field of scholarship and pure research, certain knowledge, and the world distinction of an Einstein name.

SO, THEN, to every man his chance—to every man, regardless of his birth, his shining, golden opportunity—to every man the right to live, to work, to be himself, and to become whatever thing his manhood and his vision can combine to make him—this, seeker, is the promise of America.

**HOW MUCH DOES IT COST YOU
TO BE AN AMERICAN? AND WHAT DO YOU
GET FOR WHAT YOU PAY?**



U. S. A. IN ACTION

by MICHAEL EVANS

USA, INC., is the government of 135,000,000 Americans, free Americans. It costs us \$10,000,000,000 a year and we carry about 1,000,000 persons on our regular payroll. When we don't like the management we go to the polls and vote in a new one.

When someone asks us what we think of the government we say the politicians talk too much and taxes are too high. Principally, we think of the politicians, of Congress and the President.

When people ask us about the government we don't think of a low-waisted oyster boat phutting through the early fog in the lower Chesapeake. We don't think of a paper-pale child lying sick on a cot in a New York old-law tenement. Or of a juke joint in the Louisiana cane brakes, music blaring until 4 A.M. We don't

see the notices go up at a Gary steel mill, adding a third shift, or the steam shovels puffing at the foundations of a new radio factory in Cleveland. To us the government doesn't mean silver mines closing down in Mexico and tin stocks booming in Singapore or a stock ticker chattering in a Wall Street office.

We eat a rasher of bacon at breakfast, bring in the morning paper from the door, answer the telephone at the office, pay the rent, count the dollars in our pay envelope. That's our private life, no government there.

A train wreck in Montana, a mine explosion in West Virginia, a bank holdup in Keokuk, a murder in San Juan, a forest fire in Minnesota, a flash flood in Texas —there seems to be nothing about the government in that.

Nothing?

Let's look again.

The arm of USA, Inc., is long. Its eyes are everywhere. They watch the lonely V of the wild geese as they wing down the Atlantic from Labrador. They watch the mill hands at their spindles in Tennessee. They watch the blizzards driving down from Medicine Hat, the fleecy clouds over scorching Nebraska and the whirling winds that whip out of the sultry Caribbean. They watch the cameras grinding in Hollywood and the gas company's bookkeeper at his accounts.

We pay for USA, Inc.,—you and I and William Knudsen and Carole Lombard and the Ford Motor Company, and Luigi's delicatessen two doors from the corner, next to the dry cleaning place.

We pay plenty. We grouch a lot about our taxes. Maybe we'd grouch more—or would we?—if we knew what taxes we actually do pay. Suppose we picked up the paper and it said each of us must donate three weeks' pay to the Treasury. Suppose it said that movie stars like Lombard and corporation executives like Knudsen must work six months of the year for the USA, that Ford and U.S. Steel, and American Tel. & Tel. had to donate three months' prof-

its to Uncle Sam. Some of us would probably say the revolution was here. We'd be wrong, of course, because if taxes make a revolution the revolution has been here for a long time. We're working three weeks a year or more for the government right now. Next year we'll work a month, possibly longer.

Somebody said of bargains that it's not what you pay but what you get that counts. So let's look at USA, Inc. Let's see what we stockholders get for our money, for the ten billion dollars.

We get *the weather*.

“Fair and warmer . . .” “Northeast storm warnings from Hatteras to Nantucket Light . . .” “Colder tonight, protect shipments for temperatures of 10 degrees below zero . . .” “Severe tropical disturbances, centered 250 miles east of San Juan.”

Routine? Every day stuff? Sure, we never give it a second thought. But behind it are intrepid aviators who zoom 20,000 feet into the air at 30-below zero, heedless of iced-laden wings, solitary radio outposts on the Bering Straits, hard-bitten tramp captains on the banana run, cloistered scientists in a run-down red brick building on a Washington side street.

They tell you whether to wear

your overshoes or take an umbrella as you dash for the 8:15 in the morning. They do much more. They give you oranges for your breakfast table, lemons for your Tom Collins, lettuce for your salad, airmail to speed your orders coast-to-coast. They guide ships safely to harbor and tell Coney Island whether the cash registers will ring up a million dollars for the day or a flop.

We get food.

Most of us would starve in a few days without USA, Inc. From the seed drilled into the continental plains to our Swiss cheese on toast, USA, Inc., has had a hand at every step. Scientists on USA, Inc.'s payroll traveled half-way around the world to the bleak plains of northern Mongolia to find the durum strains our Dakota farmers sow each spring. They fight the Japanese beetle, guard fishing grounds of the Pacific, oyster beds of the Eastern Shore, ward over seals in the Aleutians, deer in Maine, gamefowl flying south from Canada and back north from the Gulf.

USA, Inc., pours a billion dollars a year into our farm plant to keep it running. It keeps another billion or more pooled and circulating in cheap interest loans. That means new roofs on Connecticut

hay barns, tractors for plowing in Oklahoma, barb-wire fences on a Montana ranch, registered Holsteins and Jerseys in the Fox River Valley. USA, Inc., dams back the rampaging Mississippi in spring from the black lands of the cotton delta and holds the Wabash, the White and the Big Muddy off the fat soil of the corn belt. Our bill for this would be \$3 apiece—man, woman and child—a year, if we figured it that way. USA, Inc., watches the Chicago wheat pit and the Kansas City stockyards. Our bacon bears its blue inspection stamp. It makes prices—by agreements, for milk—by tariffs, for sugar—by bounties, for wheat and cotton—by surplus buying, for butter, oranges, peanuts and a dozen other things in your market basket. USA, Inc.'s prices keep the juke-box grinding in Louisiana. They support gas stations in the Texas citrus belt and fried chicken cafés in Springfield, Missouri. USA, Inc., lends the farmer money to buy his land, to buy his seed, tells him when to plant, what to plant, how much to plant, where to plant, how to tend his crop, where to send it to market.

We get safety.

Safety is something you don't think about until you wake up some day and don't have it.

Safety is going to bed at night without worrying whether Mary Ann will be kidnapped, a revolution will break out or a squad of parachutists will land in your backyard at 4 A.M. Safety is certainty that the First National Bank will open at 9 A.M. tomorrow, that aid will come swiftly if there's a tornado, an earthquake, a forest fire, or a shipwreck, that Dillingers will be caught, that Leavenworth will be secure.

Safety is expensive. It is costing USA, Inc., and us, its stockholders, more and more to insure our safety in a world where danger spreads like a prairie fire in Kansas. This year safety will cost each of us about \$50. That's more than we spend on the movies but a good deal less than a year's gas for the Chevvie. But of course safety used to be a lot cheaper. The price of a couple of pair of nylon stockings would have covered it a few years ago.

How does USA, Inc., give us safety? By maintaining an army of specialists—specialists in danger and protection—and equipment for their use. Safety is gunboats on the Yangtse, forest rangers on the Olympic Peninsula, Coast Guard crews at Kitty Hawk, G-men with tommy-guns, tanned youngsters at Kelly Field, an ice-

berg patrol south of Greenland, revenoers in the blue Appalachians, sooty mine rescue crews, hawk-eyed blue-sky specialists of the SEC, opium spotters in San Francisco, air safety men, rail safety men, steamboat inspectors, the Red Cross, bank examiners in Chicago, clanking navy yards at Philadelphia and Brooklyn, an arsenal at Rock Island, forts at Omaha and Missoula, a barracks at Carlisle, big guns at Fort Lee and on the Pennsylvania, an aeronautics laboratory at Langley, a proving ground at Aberdeen, searchlight crews at Panama, floodways on the lower Mississippi and dams stretching across the Tennessee.

USA, Inc., spends twice as much to give us safety as for everything else put together. USA, Inc., hires one million men and women in the safety army and another million men or more stand behind them, working in factories to make their tools or in the field to build the works that repel floods, fires or invaders. The dollars of USA, Inc., flow into your pay envelope if you work in a steel mill. They flow through your cash register if you run a grocery store in San Antonio or Fort Peck or Bath, Maine. They mean prosperity to rubber planters in Sumatra and

tin miners in the Malay States, to antimony producers in China, manganese managers in the Congo, beef canners in the Argentine.

Safety is USA, Inc.'s biggest business. It is also one of the biggest businesses in the country.

We get *security*.

Security is safety's first cousin. Sometimes they overlap. Security is a better world to live in. It is pensions when we are old and want to quit work. It is groceries and rent money when we lose our job. It is a helping hand to widows and orphans. It is protection against sweatshop wages and back-breaking hours. It is the right to organize unions. It is a guarantee that our money in the savings bank will be there when we want it. It is a chance to rent a decent home at a price we can afford, a chance to build a home without usurious interest, protection against the jerry-builders. It is Dr. Thomas Parran's drive to rid us of the plague of syphilis and the slow, patient work against infantile paralysis, cancer, rabbit fever and the hoof-and-mouth disease. It is Greenbelt, Maryland, and Red Hook Houses, Brooklyn. It is camps for transients in the Imperial Valley and a veterans' hospital at St. Paul, Minnesota.

Security is a currency system

of nickels, dimes and dollars, a standard of weights and measures, time signals from the Naval Observatory and tests of the wearing quality of shoes at the Bureau of Standards. Security guarantees fair play between business competitors, prosecutes movie companies and oil combines, guards our resources, fixes coal prices, build schools in Tallahassee, Florida, highways in Arkansas and sewers in Chicago.

It watches the ether, gives Frequency Modulation Radio the go-ahead, shows a red light for television. It cuts your telephone bills, gives you cheaper power, cheaper gas, cheaper lights. It helps you to buy a washing machine, builds a dam across the Columbia at Bonneville and another at Grand Coulee. It strings a power line to a farm house in the Thumb country of Michigan and makes the desert of Arizona bloom. It pays the interest on your government bond, buys gold and silver abroad, checks the claims of the oil promoters and their securities. It keeps you out of submarine zones in the war area and builds playgrounds in Montana's Rockies and up on the Blue Ridge. It tells you how to cure the baby's colic and when is the best time to can blackberry preserves.

USA, Inc., spends three billion dollars a year on security — on making our lives worth living. Some people think it spends too much. Others think it spends too little. Between the two we get pretty much what most of us want, what most of us are willing to pay for.

We get *liberty*.

Liberty is old-fashioned. There are only a few places in the world where it survives. America is one of them. Liberty is something for which men—at least Americans—have always been willing to give their lives.

Lots of words have been written about liberty, some demagogic, some eloquent, some stained in blood.

What about liberty? What is USA, Inc., doing about it? In one sense every penny in the budget of USA, Inc., from typewriter ribbons to power generators is being spent for liberty, to preserve, to protect, to improve it. That means ten billion dollars a year for liberty.

But in another sense liberty is the cheapest thing which USA, Inc., brings us — cheaper than pensions to survivors of the Spanish war, cheaper than the mailmen who bring us our letters, cheaper than the fight against the

corn borer, the Mediterranean fruit fly and the other agricultural pests.

The citadel of liberty in America is the Congress — the same grouchy Congress about which we grumble — the Courts — whose complex processes we seldom see — the President—whom we curse or idolize—and the great centers of free science and learning, the Library of Congress, the Land Grant Colleges, the Smithsonian Institution.

That costs you and me just thirty-two and one-half cents a year.

Liberty in America is to be had for less than the cost of Buck Jones at the neighborhood movie, for the price of three ice cream sodas and a couple of sticks of chewing gum.

Liberty in America is the cheapest gift of USA, Inc. It is also the most precious.

—*Suggestions for further reading:*

THE RISE OF AMERICAN CIVILIZATION
by Charles A. & Mary R. Beard \$3.75
The Macmillan Co., New York

AMERICA IN MIDPASSAGE
by Charles A. & Mary R. Beard \$3.50
The Macmillan Co., New York

THE MARCH OF DEMOCRACY
by James Truslow Adams \$3.50
Charles Scribner's Sons, Chicago

DEFENSE FOR AMERICA
by William Allen White \$1.00
The Macmillan Co., New York

MI

C



MINNESOTA FARM

ADOLF DEHN



COTTON PICKERS

THOMAS BENTON



WOMAN WITH PLANTS

GRANT WOOD

Three Paintings
by Contemporary American Masters

COURTESY OF ASSOCIATED AMERICAN
ARTISTS GALLERIES, NEW YORK

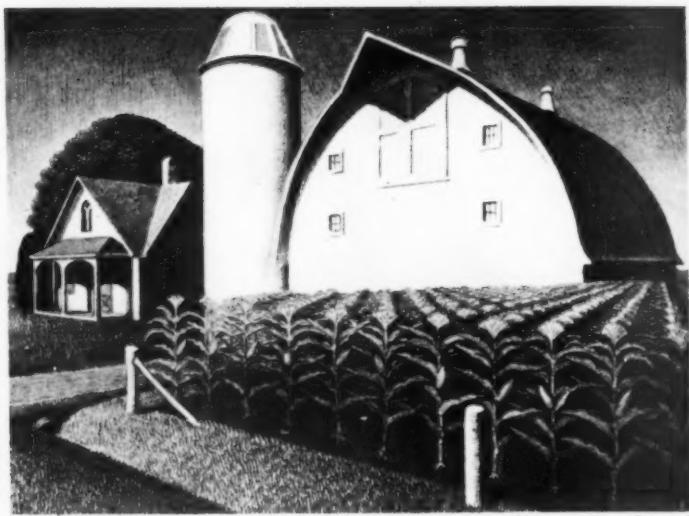


SHALLOW CREEK

Benton

Three Contemporary Lithographs

COURTESY OF ASSOCIATED AMERICAN
ARTISTS GALLERIES, NEW YORK



FERTILITY

Shank Wood



"R. F. D."

Adolf Dahn



**EXPLODING OUR FAVORITE
DELUSION: IT'S NOT FAST LIVING
BUT THE LETDOWN THAT KILLS**



THE AMERICAN PACE

by JEAN LYLE

ONE hears a good deal about the wear and tear of modern life, the diseases it causes, the nervous breakdowns it precipitates, the untimely deaths it brings about. This is a prevalent notion among laymen; it sometimes is solemnly quoted by doctors. It makes a dramatic story, in the individual case or in a polemic against the "juggernaut civilization" in which we live. But, according to modern scientific opinion, it probably isn't true. Psychiatrists say that over-work alone rarely if ever causes "nervous breakdowns" and may even tend to prevent them in some instances.

So much for the theory of it. Now let's get down to cases:

Hugh R., until the depression years, was a successful broker. His office was a beehive of activity,

rapid-fire conversations, smoothly-running office mechanics. Two secretaries waited within sound of his voice, receptionists guarded his doors, a row of telephones kept him barking out orders and listening to confidential information. Amid all the confusion Hugh moved like a superman; friends and enemies marveled at his endurance, at his ability to function tirelessly, at his success in swinging big deals without losing his nerve.

"He's going a killing pace," they said. "How long can he keep it up?"

Like many others, Hugh was wiped out in the stock market collapse and fell into enforced idleness. Now for a few short hours daily he sits in a small and very quiet office, a disheartening replica of his former self. Friends say he

has "slipped badly" and that he has "lost his grip." He talks halfheartedly of poor business conditions, but his most consuming interest is his health. The doctors cannot find the obscure cause of his general malaise; he thinks they are a bunch of fakers for the most part. "But after all, I guess I had this coming to me," he says moodily as he swallows a pill for his digestion. "I drove myself like a fiend."

It does not occur as contradictory to Hugh, and he would expositurately vigorously if it were suggested, that although he now devotes most of his time to coddling his health and taking care of himself, he has never felt more miserable; and that in the years of his greatest activity when he was a chain smoker and got along with the minimum amount of sleep, he enjoyed life and looked 25 years younger than he does today.

Hugh considers himself a victim of the bogeyman known as "The American Pace," that mad gallop which in times of prosperity is thought to lead directly to riches and success—and in times of depression is regarded as a kind of deadly squirrel wheel which traps the luckless human and eventually throws him out, exhausted and

depleted. He shares this opinion with a large proportion of American business men and women who like to think of themselves as highly efficient and sensitive machines that finally succumb to the terrific abuse of their daily life.

It is time this bugaboo of modern times was debunked and divested of some of its terrors. The speed at which we live and the conditions under which we choose to work are man-made and are therefore gauged to human endurance. Man is an animal and there are few animals that will voluntarily work themselves to death, not even such an example of industry as the ant who makes a sluggard out of any man. Some willing horses may be driven to death and so may some willing human beings, but I am speaking of the general rate of speed which we maintain of our own accord, and not of conditions in which humans are reduced to slavery through the greed and inhumanity of others.

No intelligent person who has worked in the average office can escape the conclusion that a considerable portion of the hustle, tension and pressure are more for the sake of inflating the ego of some individuals or impressing the importance of the task upon all employees, than for producing

direct results in increased profits. A good deal of motion could be cut out of the average organization without loss except to the impetus and pep of some or all members of the group.

The executive who took thirty minutes to dictate a letter, read and re-read it, corrected it and finally signed it, only to consign it to the waste basket with the remark, "It's quicker to telephone," lived in Hollywood; but his counterpart may be found anywhere. His profligate waste of time and labor is the favorite complaint of the patient stenographer. But stenographers, too, enjoy the illusion of wearing themselves out. Although they sigh as they refer to the "nerve strain" in a relentless system, most of them will admit frankly that they much prefer to work where there is activity, haste and bustle.

★ ★ ★

But the pace of living is much more than a means of adding zest to a dull and often meaningless existence. It is a safety valve and as such fulfills a definite function in our civilization. In this respect it may be said to be self-preservation rather than self-destructive. To explain this it is necessary to know why we need a safety valve, and this involves facing some

psychological facts which are not generally considered important but are actually of the deepest significance.

Man in his savage state lives by hunting and killing. He not only fights the forces of nature and wild beasts, but he does not scruple to fight and kill his fellowmen. Civilized man, however, subdues his native aggressiveness by submitting to laws and customs initiated for the sake of society to gain security and a more stable form of living. But he is still subject to the same impulses of rivalry, greed, and hatred as the savage. We cannot educate aggressiveness out of man and we would not if we could, for it is the force which enables him to wrest a living from an inhospitable environment, to defend himself against dangers and to invent means of transportation, communication and protection against disease, cold, flood, fire, and hunger. Without this component of aggressiveness man would be as helpless as the timid sheep instead of as self-confident as a bantam rooster. If civilization in some instances tries to force him to be like a sheep by denying him all outlets for this natural drive, he may and often does rebel by becoming a criminal or an outlaw.

Ideally, this aggressivity is be-

lieved by psychiatrists to be partly neutralized by affection for loved ones, and partly turned to account in useful work. What is left over may (again ideally) be given expression in athletic sports. Unfortunately our civilized system has proceeded too much on the theory that aggressivity is always dangerous and has set itself to limit and police its expression without trying to utilize its energy constructively. Likewise love is considered something that lovers and poets moon about, but too impractical for daily life; and many persons remain infantile in their attachments and never learn to love at all, which means that their aggressiveness is far more uncontrollable and intense. We don't have to be psychologists to see that there is a great deal of "steam" (more accurately described as tension arising from dammed-up aggressivity) which doesn't find expression in either creative work or healthful play. This blows the lid off in one way or another and one of the least harmful ways is the acceleration of living.

That such hurtling movement does carry a load of aggressivity may be most easily seen in relation to traffic. The 32,400 killed and 1,145,000 injured in traffic acci-

dents last year would cause one to think that our motorists rode in armored tanks. The chief cause of collisions and fatalities in this national blitzkrieg, most authorities agree, is right-of-way violation. The "who goes first" controversy which seems amusing when it occurs in a revolving door is chiefly responsible for these thousands of killed and injured. Fortunately, most of the phenomena of high-pressure living are not as destructive as traffic.

"What about overwork?" someone asks at this point. "Isn't it true that men burn themselves out in hectic existence and destroy their health, both physical and mental? Isn't our way of living suicidal?"

Strange to say it isn't as suicidal as some of the forms of aggressiveness it saves us from. This brings us back to Hugh R. It is no accident that Hugh's miserable state of health began just at the time when there was a complete let-down in the pace at which he had been traveling. He is suffering from the closing up of the outlet previously afforded by his high-pressure activity, the only satisfactory outlet he ever found, and his misery is a result of much of his destructive energy being turned inward upon himself. For aggress-

iveness, denied other ways of expression, will often turn against the self as in suicide, or chronic invalidism. This phenomenon is described in detail in Dr. Karl Menninger's book *Man Against Himself*.

An old gentleman, still active in his own business, was asked why he did not retire. "I'm afraid to," he replied seriously. "I've noticed that all the men of my age who retired five or ten years ago to take it easy in their old age are dead now. I keep working because I want to keep on living." He did not know the reason, but his observation was in line with modern psychiatric theory.

In this country there is a glorification of work and at the same time a dread of it. On the one side it is regarded as the justification of life; on the other, it is feared as a scourge that destroys health and most of the opportunities for development of the inner self. It can be either. It may become a vehicle for a man's neurosis and be clutched as a substitute for every other department of life which has proved unsatisfactory. The man who feels he has been cheated in love may become tremendously acquisitive in business. Some people work compulsively because they feel oppressed by anxiety

when they are not busy. Such compulsive addiction to work is accompanied by strong resistances to working so that the person is under great tension and takes little joy from his labor.

Overwork, by which we mean a fanatical addiction to routine labors or to expansive programs of achievement, is a common symptom of a lack of satisfaction in life and often indicates a failing adjustment. This is why a period of hyperactivity is sometimes followed by a "nervous breakdown" or even by suicide. But it is just because the person couldn't work hard enough or fast enough that the break came. The strenuous activity was an attempt at cure, not the cause of the difficulty. Vincent Van Gogh called his entire career "a race for life," a race which he won for a time and then lost in a final precipitous decline ending in suicide. But many thousands of persons, less handicapped, race more successfully and manage to outstrip the things they fear, though not without a great deal of wear and tear, fatigue and nerve strain.

If the race for life has become too swift today it will do no good to try to halt it arbitrarily. As long as there are no better outlets for aggressiveness, it would be dan-

gerous to close this one. The squirrel on the wheel is not living an ideal life, but what use to take away his wheel unless one can open his cage and show him the tree-tops?

It would, perhaps, sound idealistic to say that a wider recognition of love as the greatest natural force for neutralizing and directing aggression into useful channels would be the best means of freeing man from the strains and tensions of daily life. The fact that it does sound romantic shows how we have discounted the power of love as a practical force.

This being true, let's give the

American Pace its due and continue in the role of dervishes whirling in the market place.

For the past nine years Jean Lyle has been associated with the Menninger Clinic of Topeka, Kansas, serving principally on the staff of their highly regarded scientific periodical, the "Bulletin of the Menninger Clinic." At the present time she is on a leave of absence, conducting technical studies in psychology in Los Angeles.

—*Suggestions for further reading:*

MAN AGAINST HIMSELF
by Dr. Karl Menninger \$3.75
Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York

TOWARDS MENTAL HEALTH
by C. M. Campbell \$1.25
Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Mass.

PSYCHOANALYSIS AND MEDICINE: A STUDY OF THE WISH TO FALL ILL
by Karin Stephen \$2.50
The Macmillan Co., New York

BRITAIN WAS FOREWARNED

A BRITISH army officer warned England about air power thirty-two years ago.

In an era of brotherly love, October, 1908, Major Baden-Powell—President of the Aeronautical Society of Great Britain—went to Le Mans, France, to watch Wilbur Wright fly the first successful airplane ever seen in Europe. He immediately sensed the importance of air power to the destiny of nations and sounded a warning to his fellow countrymen. In the

Paris Herald of October 6, 1908, he was quoted as follows:

"If only some of our people in England could see or imagine what Wilbur Wright is now doing I am certain it would give them a terrible shock. A conquest of the air by any nation means more than the average man is willing to admit or even think about. That Wilbur Wright is in possession of a power which controls the fate of nations is beyond dispute."

—FRED C. KELLY

The memory of the human race, both individually and collectively, is divided into categories. When a story refuses to fit into any reasonable category, it is forgotten. As in previous issues, we present herewith a few stories from that limbo of nonconformist tales.

FORGOTTEN MYSTERIES

IT WAS A simple report from the clinic of Dr. Nicholas Ortiz, prominent Bolivian physician, and it was simply quoted by Dr. Augustin Iturricha in his address before the Anthropological Society of Sucre, Bolivia.

"The patient, a boy of 14 years, was actively thinking up to the time of his death. He only complained of a violent headache. The autopsy, however, revealed that the brain mass was almost entirely detached from the bulb, *a condition which amounted to real decapitation*. There was a large abscess involving all of the cerebellum, and part of the cerebrum. *What did he think with?*"

Decapitated, brain practically destroyed, but still retaining the full

use of his intellectual faculties—what did he think with? It is so much easier to forget.



ACROSS GRAY churning water, the master of the *Marathon* hailed the sailing ship *James Chester*. It was February 28, 1855, and the ships were in mid-Atlantic. The *James Chester*'s rigging was tangled, and her decks were disordered; she refused to answer the *Marathon*'s hail. Finally, a boat was lowered, and the silent ship was boarded.

The *James Chester* was searched from figurehead to rudder, but not

a living thing was found. There was wild disorder everywhere, but no hint of actual violence. No traces of blood, no weapons, no signs of struggle were found.

Although the ship's compass and papers were missing, every boat was hanging at the davits. There was no lack of provisions or water. The ship was as sound as the day she was launched.

No trace of the crew was ever found. Where did they go? It is possible that there was an extra boat carried on deck, but even so, what dark terror would cause the crew to leave a staunch ship and put forth in one small boat when there was 1,000 miles of storm-lashed water in every direction?



THERE WAS a gigantic cross on the disk of the planet Mars, a cross nine-hundred-miles across, according to astronomer Giovanni Virginio Schiaparelli, director of the observatory at Milan. A few months later he stated that the cross "had been removed."

To the day of his death in 1910 he maintained that he had seen the cross, that it was light-colored, and carefully centered in a dark circle. He also maintained that he had seen "canals." Modern telescopes and cameras have proved that he *did* see canals.

If we, on the planet Earth, stopped

fighting long enough to consider sending a message across space, what symbol would we use? Logically, it would be a light cross on a dark field—a cross later removed to indicate that it was placed there only as a signal.



IF ANY one should have known whether the ghostly footfalls heard climbing the stairs of John Singer Sargent's studio were those of the dead artist, it should have been Alfred Orr. For many years Orr shared the same London studio with Sargent. After Sargent's death, Orr again leased it.

At once he began to hear Sargent's characteristic footsteps. His wife heard them. Visitors heard them. Orr declared: "I'm not a spiritualist, but we've heard the footsteps so often on the stairway, even in our bedroom. One night when I was in bed I heard Sargent's footsteps, then the bedroom doorknob turned all the way around and back again. We searched the house—and found nothing as usual.

Just a quiet story by a highly-responsible man about footsteps where there were no earthly being's feet.

Readers are invited to contribute to "Forgotten Mysteries." A payment of \$5 will be made for each item accepted. Address the Coronet Workshop, Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

SEVEN AGAINST ARMAGEDDON



THE ADVISORY COMMISSION OF THE COUNCIL OF NATIONAL DEFENSE: A PORTFOLIO OF PERSONALITIES—*by Louis L. Pryor*

IN MID-MAY, maddest perhaps of all the mad months of the 1940 nightmare, President Roosevelt catapulted into the lap of Congress an emergency national defense proposal.

"Surely, the developments of the last few weeks," stated the President, "must have made it clear to all of our citizens that the possibility of attack on vital American zones ought to make it essential that we have the physical, the ready ability to meet those attacks and to prevent them from reaching their objectives."

Swiftly, the portent of the new defense proposal snaked into newspaper headlines which, less than twenty-four hours before, had towered funereally with the announcement of

Holland's surrender. Europe's long night had started. Nations, like flames in gutted candles, were being snuffed out.

Then—with the surrender of Paris only a fortnight away—the American President went "all the way out" to carry the nation into an era of "emergency management."

To harness speed and competence to a defense program, envisioned to be the largest of its kind ever launched in peace time, the President promptly threw partisanship overboard in naming a civilian commission composed of six men and one woman. All seven defense commissioners have signed up "for the duration." A note on each of them appears on the following pages.

"Let Stett do it"

LONG regarded as the boy wonder of the business world, meticulous Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., has spent much of his 39 years resigning big jobs to take on still bigger ones. This year he resigned his \$100,000 a year job as chairman of the board of U. S. Steel to serve on the President's rearmament defense commission without pay.

Young Stettinius developed a liking for tackling hard work early in life. Even as a student at the University of Virginia, hardly 20 years ago, he was eager to serve as all around factotum in any or all campus activities. His fellow students, whenever a tough job was in prospect, habitually decided: "Let Stett do it!"

Despite the heritage of means that fell to his lot as the son of a partner in J. P. Morgan & Co., Stettinius has never been a splurger or showoff. Graduated in 1924, he entered the Hyatt Roller Bearing Company, a subsidiary of General Motors, and within two years was made assistant to the Vice-President of General Motors. He resigned in 1934 to become Vice-Chairman of the Finance Committee of U. S. Steel Corporation, and two years later he was elected director and chairman of the Finance Committee.



EDWARD R. STETTINIUS, Jr.
Former Chairman, U. S. Steel Corporation

RAW MATERIALS

"Just a lot of little things"

SOME two score years before Adolf Hitler's gray-uniformed troopers invaded Denmark, a tight-lipped Danish boy, William (Signius Wilhelm Poul) Knudsen, was hardening his huge hands in their initial job in industry—polishing bicycle pedals in Copenhagen. When barely 20 years old the dynamic Dane, a towering figure, built like a steel bridge, emigrated to America, reaching this country with \$7 in his pocket. And his hands have been busy ever since.

Ever an ardent advocate of getting things done through the use of capable

hands, Knudsen, upon reaching the presidency of General Motors Corporation in 1937, strongly urged young men "to learn to work with their hands" if they would succeed in the automobile industry. Famous as an eliminator of waste, modest, good natured, never known to lose his temper, his genius for production is known the world over.

Knudsen now heads what promises to be America's greatest mass production project—production for defense. But "the biggest thing," Knudsen once said, "is just a lot of little things."

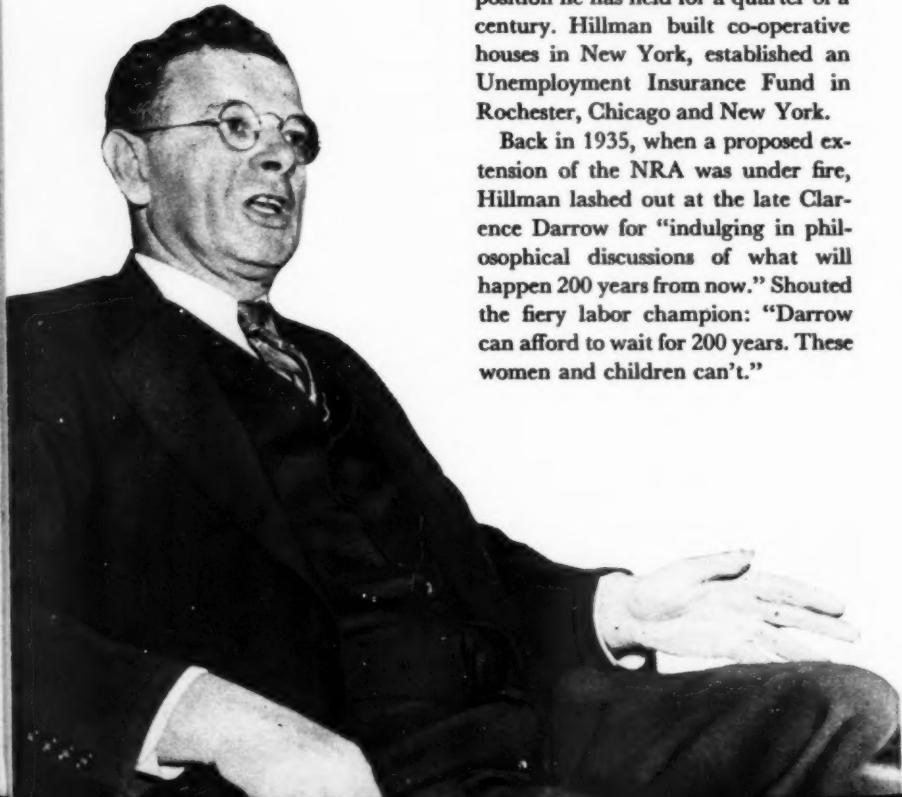
WILLIAM S. KNUDSEN
President, General Motors Corporation
INDUSTRIAL PRODUCTION



"Finest brain"

SIDNEY S. HILLMAN
*President, Amalgamated
Clothing Workers*

LABOR



CO-ORDINATION of labor for national defense has been placed in the hands of Sidney S. Hillman, considered by many as labor's number one statesman, possessing the "finest brain in the labor movement."

Hillman came to the United States in 1907. Within eight years he had skyrocketed from the job of a cutter in the factories of Hart Schaffner & Marx in Chicago to the presidency of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers — a position he has held for a quarter of a century. Hillman built co-operative houses in New York, established an Unemployment Insurance Fund in Rochester, Chicago and New York.

Back in 1935, when a proposed extension of the NRA was under fire, Hillman lashed out at the late Clarence Darrow for "indulging in philosophical discussions of what will happen 200 years from now." Shouted the fiery labor champion: "Darrow can afford to wait for 200 years. These women and children can't."



RALPH BUDD, *President, Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R.R. TRANSPORTATION*

"A big man for a big job"

If Ralph Budd, President of the Burlington Railroad, had a middle name that name, without question, would be "Work." Uncomfortable when he has no problem to unravel, he often devotes two-thirds of a 24-hour day to intensive labor. And so modest and unassuming is his manner that he once was mistaken for a filing clerk.

Budd prefers not to digress from business even during meals. Next to

engineering, his obsession is history. He started work as a rodman and wound up by being president successively of two major railroads. Budd early attracted the interest of John F. Stevens, builder of the Panama Canal. In 1905 when Stevens was chief engineer on the vast canal project Budd became chief engineer of the Panama Railroad.

A big man for transportation's biggest job—Ralph Budd.



CHESTER C. DAVIS, *Member of the Federal Reserve Board*

AGRICULTURE

"Distinguished service to agriculture"

CHESTER C. DAVIS, alert, grey-haired, 52-year-old member of the Federal Reserve Board and quondam dirt farmer, is no theorist in agricultural matters. He has the ruralite's aversion to mixing noise with sweat and a quiet doggedness about getting things done.

After graduating from Grinnell College, Iowa, in 1911, Davis became a farm operator. Later he edited newspapers in South Dakota and Montana, and became director of grain

marketing for the Illinois Agricultural Association. Before becoming a member of the board of governors of the Federal Reserve System in June, 1936, Davis for three years directed the production division of the Agricultural Adjustment Administration. In 1936, he made a special study of economic conditions abroad.

Davis, who is grooming agriculture for defense, won the American Farm Bureau Federation's 1939 medal for distinguished service to agriculture.

"Other work to do"

UNIVERSITY of North Carolina's Harriet Wiseman Elliott, whose buxom figure, intelligent eyes and silver-streaked hair have been as familiar to Democratic convention audiences as the chairman's gavel, was not a delegate this year. Her crisp explanation, "other work to do," literally photographed the reticence bulwarked in the straight line of her ungossipy mouth.

The only woman on the commission of seven, Miss Elliott's "other work to do" will take her away from her political science chair and board of directors' duties at the Women's College in Greensboro. She will be lost to North Carolina's Conference of Social Service, the state's Relief Administration and the university's Administrative Council. But, as she herself once said, "We do not live in 48 state compartments. Our problems in the main are not state problems but national problems."

Harriet Elliott's civic-mindedness stems from a powerhouse of activities. In the League of Women, she has been chairman of efficiency in government since 1920. She was secretary of the Southern Political Science Association from 1930 to 1932, has been on the executive board of the North Carolina Legislative Council since 1928. Golf is her chief recreation; her church, the Society of Friends.

HARRIET ELLIOTT
Dean, University of North Carolina
CONSUMER PROTECTION



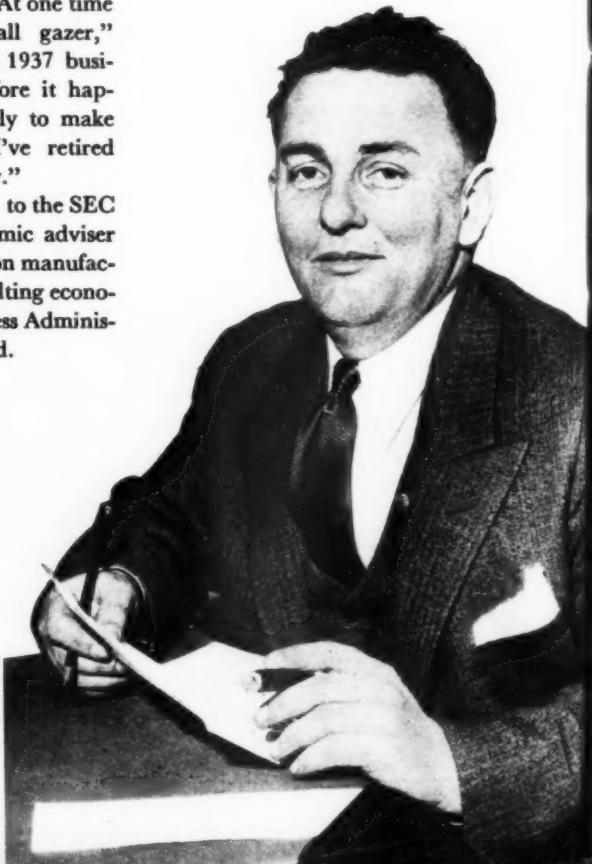
"Retired from prophecy"

LEON HENDERSON, bulky, bushy-haired, belligerent member of the Securities and Exchange Commission and former crusader against loan sharks, has been given what may prove to be the toughest assignment of his career—the stabilization of prices under the national defense program.

Early in 1934, Henderson, in his free-hitting style, unleashed in the presence of NRA Administrator, Hugh Johnson, a criticism of the tendencies of the recovery act. Johnson promptly hired him as his assistant. At one time a self-styled "crystal ball gazer," Henderson predicted the 1937 business recession a year before it happened. Asked subsequently to make predictions, he said: "I've retired from the field of prophecy."

Before his appointment to the SEC in 1939 he became economic adviser to the senate committee on manufactures and later was consulting economist for the Works Progress Administration. He is 45 years old.

LEON HENDERSON
Member of the SEC
PRICE STABILIZATION





A BALANCE SHEET OF AMERICAN HISTORY

by CHARLES A. BEARD

THESE are trying times when the optimism of sunshine patriots wavers. Voices are heard asking hard questions. Are the walls of the Nation crumbling? Is there no permanence here? What assurance have we for the future?

Few can deny the gravity of the occasion. Some people answer by repeating a few slick phrases which reveal their personal prejudices. They whirl these words over and over like a Chinese prayer wheel, as if incantations would turn the trick. Others answer by despair. They say that only some magic formula imported from Europe will transform America into Utopia. But neither resort is the resort of intelligence.

What we are and can do depend upon what we have been, have done, and have thought. In American history alone are contained the signs of our strength and our weakness. Here in our past are the promises and perils of American life. Here we must search, it may be with many tears, but here, and nowhere else. Though

we may learn from distant places, all that we learn must be made a part of our heritage if it is to be substance, not phrase and shadow.

Out of a Balance Sheet of American History may be drawn the assets of value which it is our responsibility to defend and the liabilities which it is our obligation to meet. There, if anywhere, our fate and task are to be read.

NOTE: *Charles A. Beard, recognized as our leading historian, has in the opinion of the editors performed a miracle of condensation in the following ten pages. Within this space he has provided perhaps the most realistic, and enlightening, document that has yet been penned on the strength and weaknesses of the American national character. To citizens of this country in these times, the Balance Sheet of American History is sincerely recommended not merely as worth reading but as worth re-reading again and again.*

★ ★ ★

Reprints of this eleven-page feature by Charles A. Beard will be furnished at cost if ordered in quantities of ten or more. Special cooperation will be offered to school authorities desiring copies for classroom use, organizations wishing to promote a truer understanding of Americanism, and individuals desiring to send copies to their friends. Address all inquiries to Reprint Editor, Coronet, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

I—THE STRONG UNION

ASSETS	LIABILITIES
<p>AMONG the blessings of the Nation, daily taken for granted, often without gratitude, is the firm Union which holds our people together. This Union was forged in the fires of the Revolution, and made more perfect by the Constitution drafted in 1787. Thereafter it was strengthened by a thousand ties, material and moral—by railways, industries, telegraph lines, and migrations westward, and by leaders, teachers, and writers who sang its praises and defended its interests. At length the Union so forged and made still more perfect was sealed in the long Civil War testing whether a nation so conceived could endure. After the Union had been reënforced by sacrifice, it was fortified by industry, education, national journalism, new ties of communication, and a closer intermingling of peoples. So it has come about that, under the auspices of this Union, Americans are welded into one nation from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Amid all the local diversities, a higher unity prevails among peoples of many national origins—a strong guarantee of national defense.</p>	<p>AGAINST the Union, against the strength of bigness, has been arrayed from the outset the aggregated power of littleness, usually in the form of special interests. The Constitution itself was literally wrung from grudging states and village politicians in 1787 and 1788. In 1861 the leaders of a powerful faction, based on a sectional interest, sought to break the Union; and before they were overthrown they faced secession within secession, especially in North Carolina and Georgia. Had they succeeded, the United States might have been dissolved into warring states akin to those of South America. They failed, but ever since their day special interests have tried to keep the national government weak—incompetent to deal with questions national in scope: conservation, unemployment, and social security, for example. In 1935 the Supreme Court went off on this tack. Today special interests still make assaults on the strength of the Union; for instance, by raising trade barriers between the states, by restoring the commercial anarchy which the Union was designed to suppress. And the Supreme Court, reconstructed in the image of littleness, acquiesces.</p>

II—CONSTITUTIONAL GOVERNMENT

ASSETS	LIABILITIES
<p>FOR MORE than a century it has been a proud boast of Americans that their government is constitutional. All officials—federal, state, and local—are bound by fundamental rules written down in constitutions. These constitutions are superior laws and are to be changed only by the methods prescribed in their own provisions. They set forth the ways in which officials are to be elected, their terms, powers, and duties. Public agents so chosen cannot do as they please and as long as they please. From the beginning to the end of their tenure, they are bound by constitutional principles, known to all and respected by the overwhelming majority of the people. And the people themselves, in the conduct of private and public affairs, are under obligation to obey these rules of reason. In short, constitutional government, founded in the Eighteenth Century and upheld through the years, substitutes for rule by brute force government by discussion and popular decision. From the beginning it has rightly been regarded as one of the triumphs of mankind in its long struggle against despotism—a bulwark against government by passion, hate, and violence.</p>	<p>ONLY once since the establishment of the Constitution of the United States has a domestic conflict burst the bounds of constitutional government by discussion and popular decision. That was in 1861. When constitutional methods failed, there was a resort to arms. The knot which statesmen could not untie by compromise was cut by the sword, at a terrible cost in blood, treasure, and tragedy. If slower, would not the constitutional method have been better for the Nation?</p> <p>Since 1865, few have been bold enough to declare that other domestic controversies must be settled by violence, by a repudiation of constitutional government. Yet there are now in the United States two loud and active factions which deride reason, discussion, and popular decision, which call for the use of the sword again. They are various brands of communists and fascists. By their words and works, they are known. But there are also other citizens, some of them in high places, who seem to imagine that a man on horseback could ease their pains. The shadow creeps again.</p>

III—CIVIL LIBERTIES

ASSETS	LIABILITIES
<p>A NECESSARY part of constitutional government is a guarantee of civil liberties to individuals. Where governments have all power, there are no such liberties. Where limited government exists, they exist. That there may be no mistake, many fundamental liberties are set forth in the body of the Constitution of the United States, as drawn in 1787, in the first ten amendments of the Constitution, and in amendments added after the Civil War. These include, among others, freedom of press, speech, meeting, and religious worship, and trial by jury in open court after fair hearing. Such declarations of rights are more than paper words. They are rules of life. When they are violated, oppressed persons may appeal to the courts of law, may be heard, and may find redress of grievances against oppressors, public and private. Here in the United States, public officers cannot lawfully seize people, herd them into prisons, try them in secret, execute them in dungeons or prison yards, or keep them for life in concentration camps. Thus American history has bequeathed to us something worth fighting for.</p>	<p>AGAIN and again in American history factions have threatened and sought to destroy civil liberties. Federalists tried this line with their Alien and Sedition Acts of 1798. Private mobs have defied the law and wreaked their wrath on minorities who had merely exercised rights guaranteed to them under law. In many states of the Union statutes flout these liberties now. During the first World War and afterward, Congress and the Executive Department assailed them. Lawful meetings were raided by federal agents. Crowds were arrested without warrant, rushed to prisons, tried in courts by prosecutors and judges inflamed by hysteria. Prisoners were held in jails, denied the right of counsel, subjected to the Third Degree, forced to sign false statements, rushed to trial without adequate preparation, browbeaten by prosecutors, and sent to the penitentiary for long terms. So grave were the abuses that Charles E. Hughes was moved to question openly "whether constitutional government as heretofore maintained in this republic could survive another great war even victoriously waged." Over this field of humanity dark shadows fall again.</p>

IV—GOVERNMENT BY THE WHOLE PEOPLE

ASSETS	LIABILITIES
<p>GOVERNMENTS, it was said in the Declaration of Independence, derive "their just powers from the consent of the governed." That was a cry of defiance to the tyrannies of Europe. For more than a hundred and fifty years, America has been laboring to make good the pledge. When the promise was made, only men of property, as a general rule, could vote and hold public office in the United States. But within little more than fifty years these property limitations were abolished and nearly all white men, as men, were given the right to vote and hold office. Time passed. Then slavery was abolished and many Negro men received the privilege. Years passed. After making many pleas and enduring endless scorn, women entered the circle of self-government—throughout the Union after 1920. Perfect practice was not then achieved but the national resolve was made clear: "Those who raised the banner of 1776 and fought under it did not labor in vain for humanity; not mere property is to be heard here when the just powers of government are to be exercised."</p>	<p>FROM THE beginning, government by the whole people has been resisted and resented. British Tories who stayed in America after the Revolution opposed it. Federalists denounced it. Whigs thought ill of it. Daniel Webster spoke against its logic. In the party of Abraham Lincoln and of Thomas Jefferson there were factions which sought to block its operation. In various sections property tests, including poll taxes, are applied to defeat or manipulate it. In places high and low it is still loudly whispered that government by the people has been and is a failure, as contrasted with the excellence of Russian, German, or Italian despotisms. Although no one says that a rich man who lost his money in the panic of 1929 should be deprived of his vote, many do say that the poor man who lost his job in that panic shall be deprived of it. Nearly seventy years after Lincoln spoke for a government of the people at Gettysburg, men and women, who often take his name in vain, repudiate his faith.</p>

V—OUR NATURAL RESOURCES

ASSETS	LIABILITIES
<p>YEARS AGO, in 1873, the American Association for the Advancement of Science drew up a memorial demanding the conservation of our forest resources, which were even then being rapidly depleted. For a brief moment this was a voice crying in a wilderness. But it was finally heard. In 1891 Congress gave heed, by authorizing the President to set aside and hold in the public interest lands covered wholly or in part by timber and undergrowth. The movement spread. In time, acts of Congress reserved mineral resources and water power on the public domain. Theodore Roosevelt dramatized the idea of conservation. Leading Americans became proud to be associated with it. Once limited to lands in public ownership, it is now applied even to lands in private ownership. Year by year, too slowly, it has been spreading. All over the country are unwritten signs on farms and plains, in forests and mountains, that resources are to be conserved, that waste places are to be redeemed—to the avowed end that the material heritage of the Nation shall be preserved and wisely used.</p>	<p>INCH BY INCH, the struggle for conservation has been contested, by greedy individuals and by powerful interests bent upon exploitation. Despite avowed public policies, vast areas of soil have been wasted away, under our very eyes. Every minute, it has been estimated by experts, a forty-acre farm washes down the Mississippi to the sea. In our own time monuments of shame have been built by shameless men—Tea Pot Dome and Elk Hills, for example. Every season, huge areas of forest, public and private, are devastated by fire, due to careless campers and smokers, and the meagerness of our fire-fighting resources. Every season, gigantic floods tear open farms and spread wreckage in cities, owing to failure of the federal and state governments to take precautionary measures. Every day floods of water roll unused to the sea—floods that would supply power and light to farms, homes, workshops, and mills. While all this has happened, politicians and private interests have preferred bickering and delays to co-operative decisions, speedy action, and constructive achievements.</p>

VI—MANAGERIAL INGENUITY

ASSETS	LIABILITIES
AMONG the nations of the earth, America was the first to display efficient industrial management on a continental scale. Ingenious inventors devised machines, tools, and processes. Enterprisers and managers turned them to use in the production of wealth. From laboratories, workshops, and institutes of technology were graduated into practice thousands of engineers capable of imagination and action. So vast was the sweep of organizing genius in the United States that industrial leaders from all nations came here to study and learn. In America individual plant efficiency was carried to a high pitch. Model devices for lighting, heating, air-conditioning, and employee convenience put old factories to shame. From individual plants, the idea of efficiency spread to the national plant—the sum total of our productive powers. By 1929, it has been roughly estimated, industry, agriculture, and enterprise annually produced more than \$80,000,000,000 in goods, services, and other income; and engineering surveys indicate that the full application of our productive resources could turn out an additional thirty or forty billions a year.	DESPITE the splendor of this industrial leadership and management, many blights fell upon the country—in 1873, in 1893, and in 1929, for example. For ten years, since the collapse of 1929, the national plant has been running at a level far below its last peak. Speaking of the years between 1925 and 1929, the Brookings Institution, after a minute survey, reported that “available plant was used between 80 and 83 per cent of capacity.” Such was the state of things in boom years. Since then the record of production, notwithstanding upward movements, has been on the average disgracefully low. Plants have been idle or only partially used. New construction has dragged. Railway engines and cars have rusted on sidings. Ships have swung idly at docks. Billions upon billions of wealth that could have been produced and distributed have not been produced and distributed. Engineering and managerial brains capable of great things have been unemployed or employed at less than full strength, thus menacing general welfare and the resources of national defenses.

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VII—THE POWER OF LABOR

ASSETS	LIABILITIES
<p>WITHIN the framework of the Union and the national economy, labor toiled in shops, mills, and mines and on the land, aiding in the creation of the wealth, supplying the material basis of the country's strength. This labor was not, as sometimes imagined, the mere strength of muscle, brute brawn without mind. Save in the lowest forms, if even there, it has mingled thought, skill, and craftsmanship with the exertion of strength. Great have been the powers of labor, working with management and natural resources; more than forty million men and women enjoy a standard of life in town and country higher than that of the people in any other body politic of the world. This much is beyond argument. And it is a solid promise of greater achievements that may be effected. Innumerable homes, plants, farms, and housing projects bear witness to the latent power of clear heads, stout hearts, and willing hands. Moreover, systems of social security and old-age pensions provide safeguards for multitudes against the hazards of ill-fortune.</p>	<p>OVER such employment and achievements hovers a darker picture. All along in the periodical crises since the great panic of 1819 a vast amount of labor, strong and willing, has been unemployed, wasting wealth in idleness. In 1921 twenty-three per cent of the workers in manufacturing, transportation, building trades, and mining were out of work. In 1933, it is estimated, at least twenty-five per cent of the labor force of the United States was unemployed. Six years later it stood at seventeen per cent. Corrington Gill, in <i>Wasted Manpower</i>, then placed the number of the unemployed and their dependents at greater than the combined population of all the New England States, with that of New York and New Jersey added. On the land, tenancy had increased—from twenty-five per cent of all farmers in 1880 to forty-two per cent in 1935. Workless field hands, whole families, wander far and wide on the highways in search of homes and livings. Blighted areas in town and country are mute but irrefutable witnesses to wastes that shame our intellectual, moral, and technical leadership.</p>

VIII—OUR DOCTRINES OF SOCIAL FAITH

ASSETS	LIABILITIES
<p>THIS NATION has not lived by bread alone. It has been sustained also by a faith in humanity. When, by the Revolution of 1776, government by kings, nobles, and religious hierarchies was overthrown, Americans came face to face with themselves. What then could be their articles of social faith and unity? Among the objects of the Constitution, openly declared, were to "establish justice" and "promote the general welfare." Justice and welfare! These were then revolutionary words in the history of peoples. Through the years after 1787 these formulas of the commonwealth were expanded and supplemented, in public affirmations and in private writings. Great acts of Congress and state legislatures, as well as the establishment of institutions of beneficence, proclaimed that we are of one body. As Lincoln said in his first inaugural, "this country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it." In his second inaugural, Franklin D. Roosevelt did but reinforce the doctrine: "In our seeking for economic and political progress as a nation, we all go up—or else we all go down—as one people."</p>	<p>BUT FROM the beginning other doctrines have run counter to this social faith, and many practices have belied it. For a long time human slavery was defended on the ground that it was the only possible relation between the white and the black. Over thousands of pages of paper, now mouldering, this creed was spread. When in course of human events that bondage was broken, another creed, equally inhuman, appeared in American thought, challenging the preamble of the Constitution. According to this creed, sometimes falsely associated with Darwin, the race is to the swift; history is the war of each against all; let those get who can and keep who can; all who fall by the wayside would be left to the cruel mercies of heedless nature. Under this sign, there is no general welfare, we are not one people; we are a mere aggregation of warring animals. Whole generations of Americans brought up in the dominant school of economics were taught to believe this. In 1884 a university professor laid it all out in a falsified edition of John Stuart Mill's Political Economy. It is even now the faith of high places and lurks in the cunning of low places.</p>

IX—UNIVERSAL EDUCATION

ASSETS	LIABILITIES
<p>BEFORE the middle of the Nineteenth Century the banner of universal and free education had been raised in America and the struggle to realize that ideal had begun on a broad front. After the opening of the Twentieth Century gains were almost breath-taking in rapidity. There were 630,000 pupils in secondary schools in 1900. By 1930 the number had risen to 4,740,000. In the latter year the total enrollment in schools and institutions of higher learning was about 29,500,000. More than a million teachers were then engaged in instructing youth. High schools crowned elementary schools. Colleges and universities crowned high schools. Junior colleges bridged the gulf between the secondary and the highest institutions of learning. It could be boasted in 1933 that "never before in the history of the world has there been such a development at the upper levels of an educational system." To this task were dedicated billions of wealth. Many of the best minds in America were devoted to the effort to raise the level of national power and provide leadership for public and private life.</p>	<p>GREAT as were the achievements in education, unfinished tasks always confronted educational leadership. Practice lagged far behind theory. In 1938, it was reckoned by competent authorities that, of the 75,000,000 adults in the United States, nearly one half had not completed an elementary schooling. More than 3,000,000 adults were then reported as wholly illiterate. Of 4,300,000 alien residents a large proportion lacked the knowledge of the English language and of American institutions necessary for entering into the obligations of citizenship. Economic obstacles still blocked the way of talents, while education was provided for a multitude of privileged youths unable to stand on their own legs. Nor had education furnished that leadership for private economy and public life necessary to evoke and enlist the latent and undoubted energies of the nation. Too often it was regarded as a gateway to "easy money" rather than to hard work. More than this—a large part of the education offered failed to provide for the competence or discipline required by exigencies of the times</p>

X—MAKING AN AMERICAN CIVILIZATION

ASSETS	LIABILITIES
<p>AMERICANS, high and low, who brought forth this nation, had before them as a goal more than political freedom and economic wealth. They conceived of America as a new civilization. It rested, no doubt, upon a European heritage, but it had special features of its own. These founders rejected the idea of a society forever based on class privileges and content with class rigidity, as in Europe. As Jefferson phrased their creed, they believed in "the improbability of the human mind in science, in ethics, in government," and in other branches of human endeavor. They "maintained that no definite limits could be assigned to progress." Education was to be fostered, science promoted, and the arts encouraged, letters nourished, and all the outward signs and inner powers of the good life cultivated with unquenchable zeal. And at no time after their day was this ideal of building here a civilization lost to sight. With all the world torn by hatreds, wars, and destruction it still remains an American ideal, and all about us are monumental achievements pointing the way to fuller realization.</p>	<p>AT THE outset there were scoffers and croakers, who laughed at the American dream. "What has America to boast of?" inquired an old Tory in 1797. "What are the graces or the virtues that distinguished its inhabitants? . . . Inglorious soldiers . . . seditious citizens. Sordid merchants and indolent usurers." A thousand pages of scorn could be taken from European and American criticism of this American effort—from the Eighteenth Century to the latest hour. There is no good here, they cried; everything good must be imported, whether ideas or fashions. With little difficulty they could point to signs of American failure—shabby houses, ugly cities, bad manners, scandals, gangsterism, shallow boasting, shoddy work. It is vain to enter a sweeping denial. All about us are signs of weakness—blind hatreds, acts of personal cruelty, "name calling," energies wasted in useless quarrels among ourselves. Voices cry aloud here that American civilization is a failure, that the United States cannot defend its heritage, and that America, to save herself, must adopt the ideas and the methods which have devastated Europe and Asia.</p>

THE FLAME UNQUENCHED:
A MEMORABLE STORY
OF THE MELTING POT, 1940



THE RECRUIT

by MICHAEL WILSON

IT DID not take him long to get used to the noises of peace. He no longer stiffened when he heard the rush and clatter of the El. He learned that the police sirens were not warning him, and that all the roaring airplanes were on his side.

Sometimes the nights were bad. Sometimes he cried out from a sweating dream, *Mamen, Mamen*, and his father stroked his forehead, and then he was awake and remembered that *Mamen* was dead. *Mamen* was dead in Warsaw with her legs crooked and blood all over her dress.

Daytime was a better time. It was summer and there was no school and no one to bully him. In the afternoons he walked the streets of the new city alone. But best of all he liked the empty lot around the corner from his house. The lot was sheltered from the

street by a large signboard. The signboard had a picture of children drinking milk. He liked to sit there, at the edge of the sidewalk, and peek through the green lattice-work beneath the sign at the boys playing in the lot.

The boys were his own age — nine and a half, ten, eleven. They belonged to the Hawks. It was written across their shirts: **HAWS**, in red letters. They played a strange game. They had a ball and a big round stick, and one Hawk would throw the ball and another Hawk would try to hit it with the stick. If he hit the ball, he would run, and all the other Hawks would try to catch the ball and everybody would yell and argue. Then another Hawk would pick up the stick and pound it on an old white sack and wait for the ball to come by. They called

the old white sack Home. Sometimes a Hawk would dust off Home with his cap. (He had asked his father what the word meant, Home, and his father had said it was a place to stay, where you were wanted, a place where you belonged.) It was a funny thing to call an old sack. It was a funny game, too, and very difficult.

He sat under the signboard for three afternoons and nobody bothered him. The Hawks didn't even see him. They were too busy playing the game and when they got tired playing they sat down in the shade on the other side of the signboard, and talked, and wrestled, and sometimes they wrote things on the back of the sign with a piece of chalk. He wondered what they had written.

The fourth day he watched the game by sticking his head around the corner of the signboard. He didn't go *all the way* around it, just part of the way. Some of the Hawks stared at him but they didn't tell him to go away. He just sat there, close to Home, but still he couldn't see the writing on the back of the sign.

The fifth day he got to the lot before any of the Hawks came. He sat down by the signboard and waited. There wasn't a Hawk in sight the whole length of the

block. He got up slowly and tried to whistle and walked over to Home. He kicked it with his toe. *Home it! Throw it home!* That was a funny thing to call it. He reached down and dusted it off with his beret.

He looked around again. Nobody was watching him, so he walked right up to the signboard and tried to read it. It was in English printing.

THE HAWKS

OFFICIAL TEAM

BLACKIE MARINO—CAPTAIN-

PITCHER

FUZZY DOYLE—CATCHER

IRVING GOLDBERG—FIRST BASE

And six more of them. Nine Hawks, printed in chalk, and there was room for more names at the bottom. He could print his name too. His father was teaching him. It could go right there. He traced the letters with his finger: D-A-V-I-D
L-A-N-D-A-U.

“What cha doin’?”

David whirled around. *They caught me. I didn't hear them coming. Fuzzy saw me. Fuzzy Doyle. But I wasn't really going to write my name on it.*

“What cha doin', kid?” Fuzzy repeated.

Maybe I should run now. But they'd catch me. The rest of them are coming up the street now. Blackie and Irving

and all the rest of the boys.

"Hey Blackie," yelled Fuzzy, "here's a guy foolin' around our sign."

Here comes Blackie. Blackie looks mad already. They're going to beat me up. Papa said it would be different here. Papa said to explain to them, just tell them and they'd leave me alone.

"What cha want, punk?" asked Blackie.

"Mine name is David Landau," he said weakly, "I am not spic-ing English yet."

Blackie shoved him back against the signboard.

"Ich lerren zich," David began, "Ich lerren . . ."

"Listen to 'im," Blackie said, "he's a foreigner."

"He talks like Oiving's old lady," said Fuzzy.

"Yeah. That's right. Hey Oiving, what's he sayin'?"

"I don't know," Irving said.

"Ya do too. I hoid ya talkin' to your old lady like he talks."

"Go on, Oiving. Ask him where he got that sissy cap."

"Come on, Oiving," Blackie said. "You want me to smack you one? Ask 'im where he come from."

Irving looked around uneasily. He spat in his first baseman's mitt and rubbed the spit into the leather. Then he put on his fiercest

scowl and faced David.

"Hay, voo vainst do, ingle?"

Irving is talking to me. He plays with the Hawks all the time. Maybe Irving will tell them I wasn't really going to write my name on the sign.

"Ich cum foon Varshaw. Dort iss . . ."

"What's he say, Oiving?"

"He says there was a war where he lived."

"In Europe?"

They are all talking at once. Talking about me. Maybe they'll let me go.

"Is his old man in the war?"

"Ask him if he got bombed, Oiving."

"Jeez, I can't ask 'im ever-thing."

"You want me to smack you?" said Blackie. "Go on, ask 'im if he got bombed."

"Aut men eich gevoren bom-bes?"

"Yeh."

"Voss aut getrophen?"

Don't talk about it, papa had said, we're going to start all over again and forget about it. We won't talk about it anymore.

"Well what's he say, Oiving?"

"He don't say nothin'."

"Yah," said Blackie, "he can't prove it, that's all. He never saw no bomb."

Now they're making fun of me. Fuzzy is pretending to be a bomber.

Boom. Boom. Blackie is a machine-gunner. Tak-a-tak-a-tak-a-tak. They don't believe me. I'm not lying, Irving, honest. "Mein mamen aut a bombe getrophen," he said.

"Jeez you guys," yelled Irving, "his ma was hit with a bomb."

Fuzzy and Blackie baled out of their bomber and sat down in the grass. All the Hawks were staring at David and nobody said anything. Irving started smacking the ball in his mitt.

"Listen, Oiving," Blackie said, "ask 'im can he play baseball."

"Naw. I don't want to ask 'im no more."

"Go on, Oiving. Just once. I'll let ya use my fungo bat."

"O.K. Shpielst du baseball?"

"Hair, ven ich vell veren an Americaner, vell ich shpielen baseball."

"He says he is going to be an American and play baseball."

"Then he's got to talk like Americans," Blackie said. "Tell 'im to say somethin' in American."

"Jeez, Blackie, he can't."

"Who's the captain, you or me? You tell 'im, see?"

"Tu eppes Americanish, ingle."

Say something in American. Blackie says I got to. He'll beat me up if I don't. Remember something. Mine name is David Landau. I said that.

I can count. One two three four. I know. What I learned yesterday. Papa and I learned it. Papa said memorize it.

Blackie stood up and sneered and the other Hawks stood up and tried to sneer. "Come on, dope," Blackie said, "do somethin'."

"Fourscore and twenty yihs ago," David said, and stopped.

"Go on."

" . . . our foddahs brought fort on . . . on . . . "

"Pipe down," Blackie said. "We hoid ya. C'mere you guys. All you Hawks c'mere for a meetin'."

I can't remember the rest of it. Maybe I said it wrong. Blackie looks mad. What are they going to do? Blackie is talking to the Hawks. They're all around in a circle with Blackie in the middle and they're talking about me. They're going to beat me up. Papa said they wouldn't. Run for it. Run for it now.

"Grab 'im," yelled Blackie.

Fuzzy tripped him as he ran by. They were all yelling and screaming and Blackie held him down and the rest of them slapped his behind. He tried to lie still and pretend he was dead or hurt bad.

"O.K., you guys," Blackie said, "that's enough."

David got to his feet sobbing. The Hawks were all laughing and slapping one another now and

Blackie was grinning and pushing toward the signboard.

"Quit cher ballin'," Blackie said, "ever'body in the Hawks gets initiated."

Irving handed him a piece of chalk. "Gay shibe dine nomen," he said.

Write my name? They don't mean it. They're going to make fun of me. Why don't they let me go home?

"Gay shibe dine nomen," Irving repeated. "You're playing in the Hawks now."

His hand was trembling but he printed carefully, in large, wiggly letters.

Then Blackie took the chalk away from him and wrote another word behind his name.

DAVID LANDAU—PIGTAIL

"Come on, you guys," Blackie said, "we got to practice." He turned to David. "You talk American now, all the time, see?"

David wiped his nose on his

sleeve and nodded. The Hawks were running onto the field. Fuzzy was putting on his mask and Irving was swinging the fungo bat. Everybody was yelling loudly again.

"You're pigtail, see," Irving told him. "That means you're to shag the ball when it goes in the street."

David nodded and squatted behind Home. *I got to talk American. I got to. And when I learn I'll stand up to Home and hit the ball clear over the building.*

Play ball, he whispered, so low that no one else could hear him, *Play ball.*

He took a deep breath. "PLAY BALL!" he yelled, "STRIKE 'IM OUT!"

Michael Wilson is 26 years old. He was a teaching assistant at the University of California in 1936 and has won scholarships in Creative Literature and in American History. His stories and articles have been published in a number of magazines.

IRON BARS PREFERRED

WHEN Archbishop Laud was imprisoned in the Tower of London he wrote the following words in his diary: "Rumor hath it that I am

about to be deported to the colony of Massachusetts Bay. May the Good Lord prevent me from such a fate."

—J. MACK WILLIAMS





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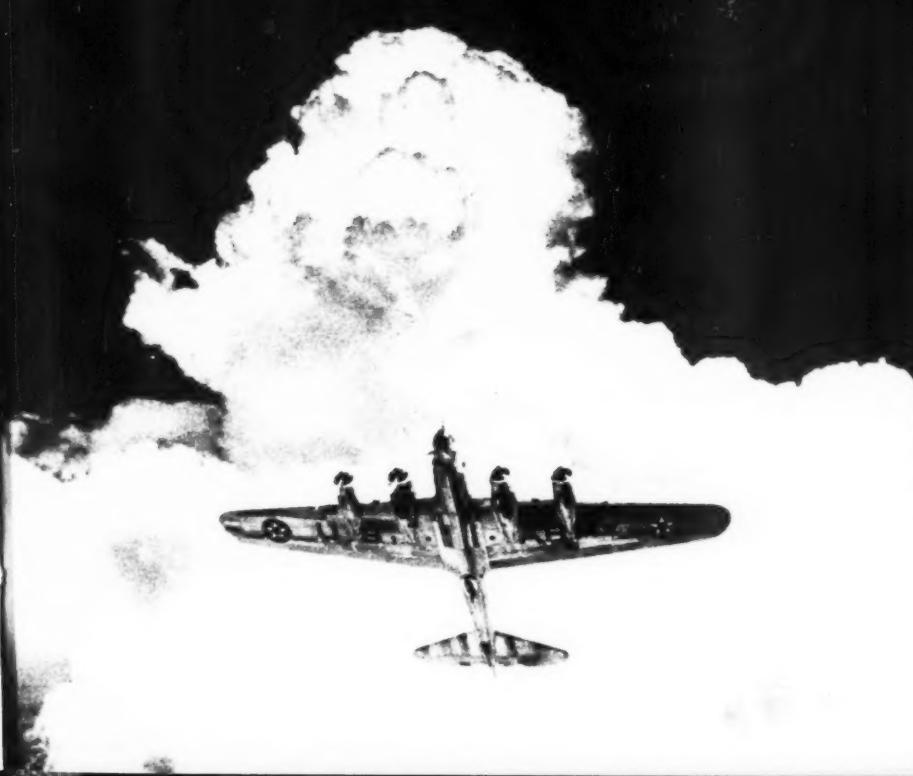
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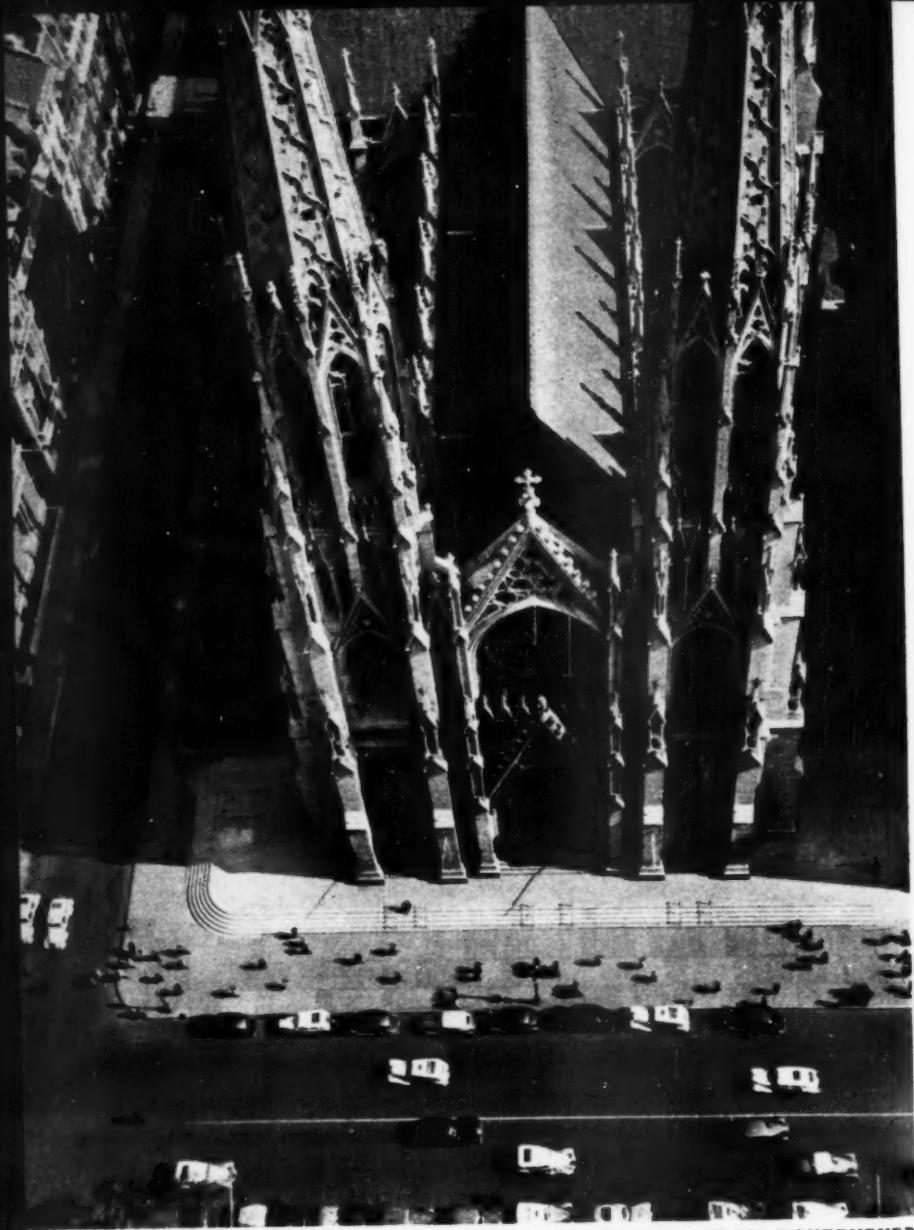
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CAROLA GREGOR, FROM MONKEMEYER

WITH BROTHERHOOD

SEPTEMBER, 1940



NOT BY BREAD ALONE

CAROLA GREGOR, FROM MONKEMEYER

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KÁROLY KLETZ, MISKOLC, HUNGARY

INDIAN SUMMER

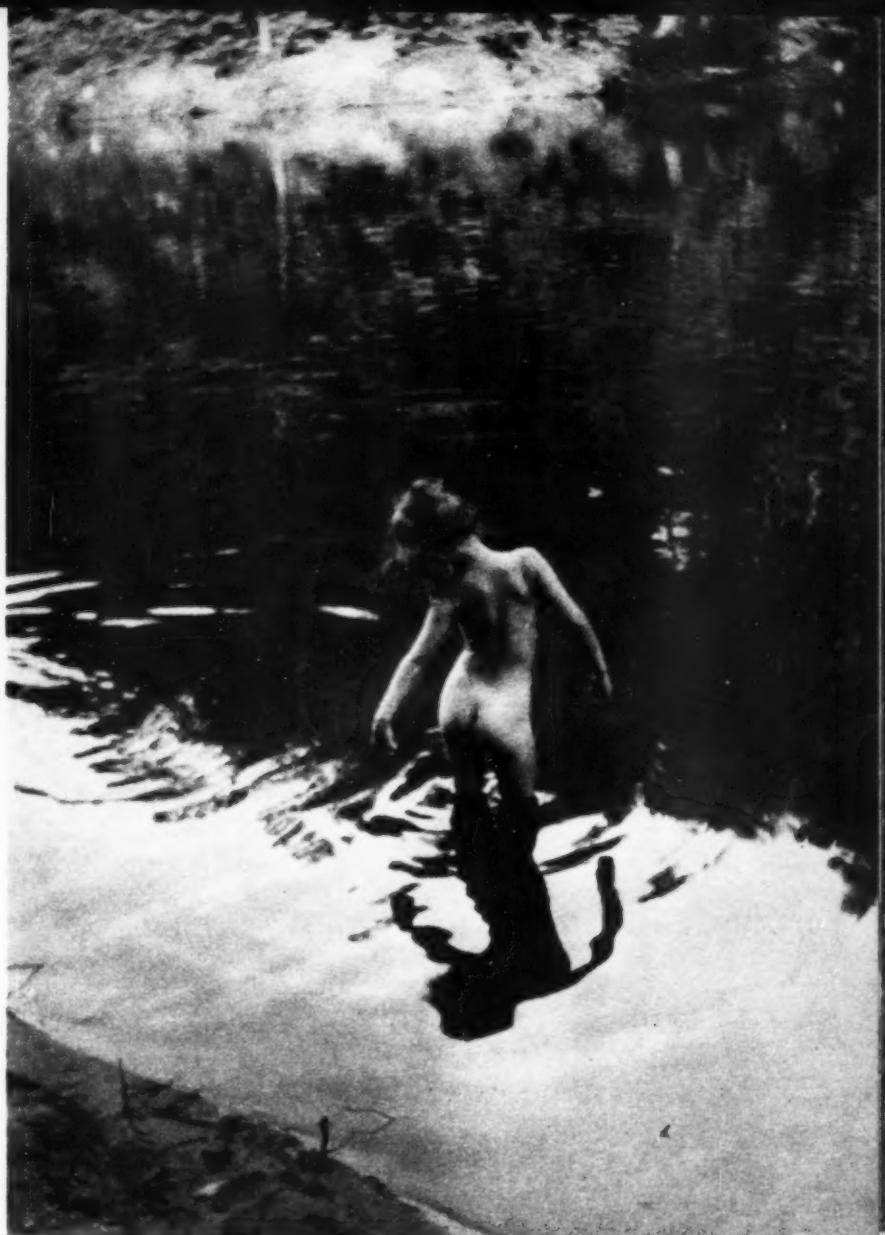
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FENNO JACOBS, FROM PIX

CORONET



FRANK JORDAN, NEW YORK

POLLIWOG

SEPTEMBER, 1940



"IF YOU DON'T WATCH OUT"

BERNARD SILBERSTEIN, CINCINNATI

CORONET



NICHOLLS, FROM PIX

TOUGH COURSE

SEPTEMBER, 1940



TRINITY ON THE SUBWAY

DON WALLACE

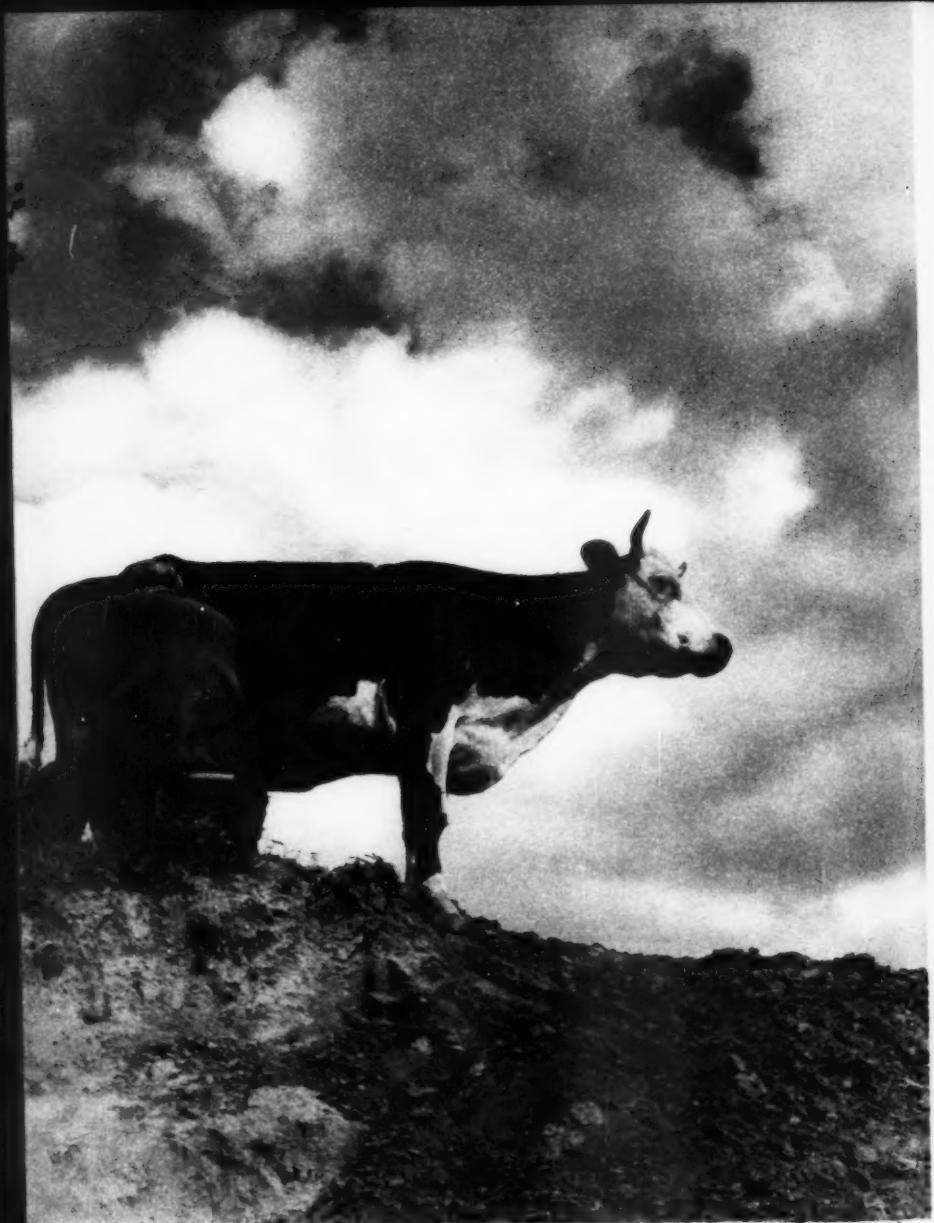
CORONET



CE
ROTHSTEIN, FROM F. S. A.

PLOUGHSHARE

SEPTEMBER, 1940

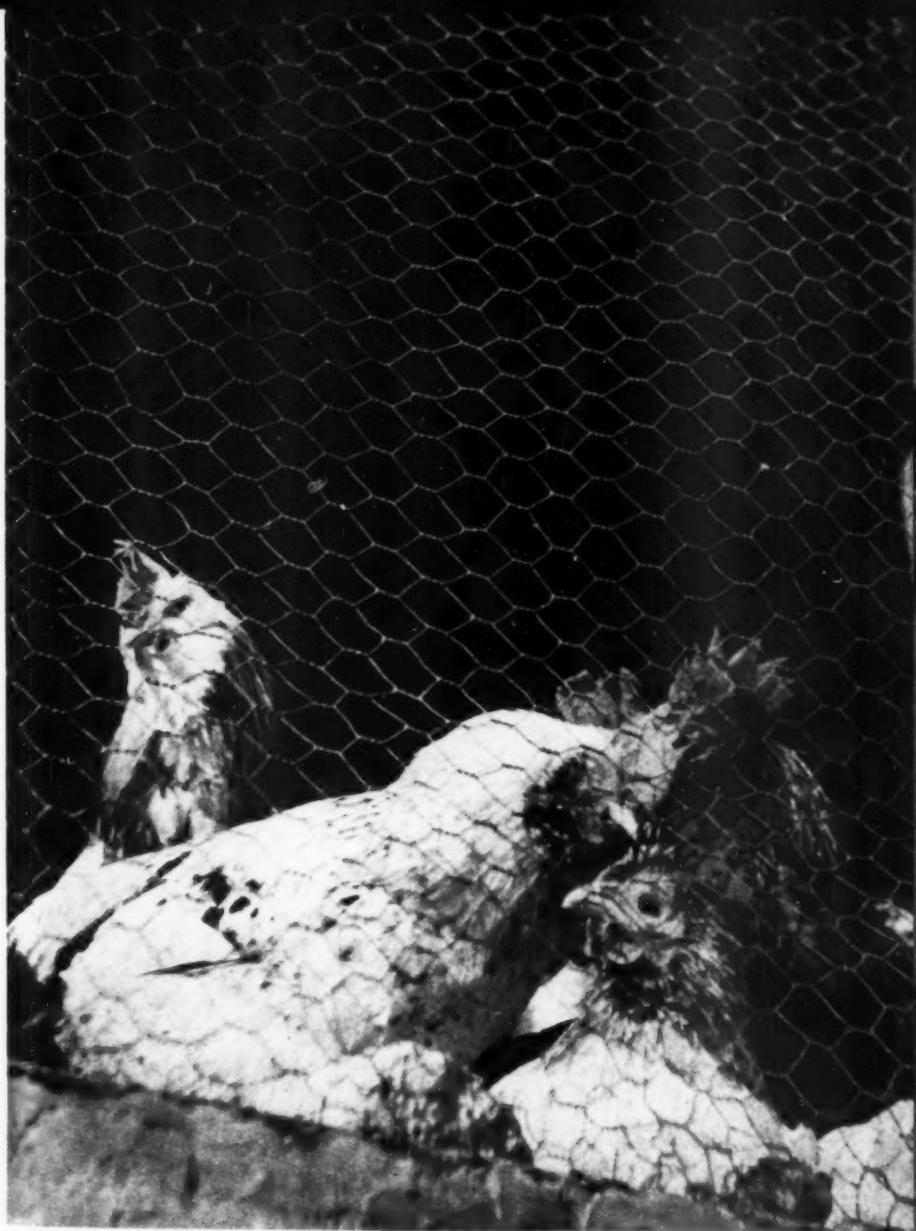


GRADE A

NORA DUMAS, PARIS

CORONET

66



MAKOVSKA, PARIS

IN EVERY POT

SEPTEMBER, 1940



UGLY DUCKLINGS

W. SUSCHITZKY, FROM PIX

CORONET



ROBERT KOLSBUN, NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

THE TIES THAT BIND

SEPTEMBER, 1940



STARFISH

STEPHEN DEUTCH, CHICAGO

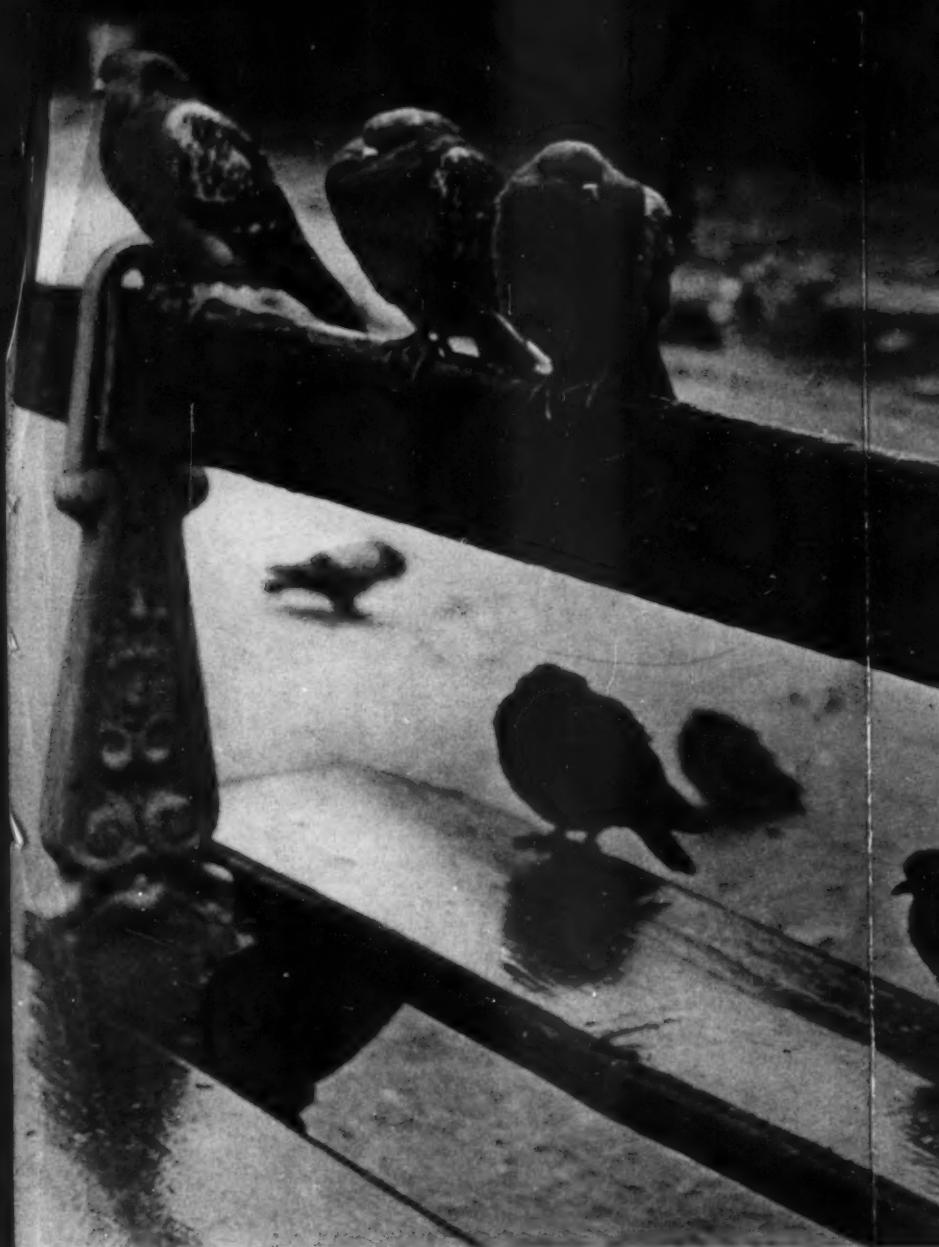
CORONET



DISRAELI, NEW YORK



LANDMARK OF AMERICA



BENCH WARMERS



M. FULD FROM PUBLIPHOT





MEISEL, FROM MONKEMEYER

SEA-HORSES

SEPTEMBER, 1940



BREEZY

ILSE MAYER, NEW YORK

CORONET

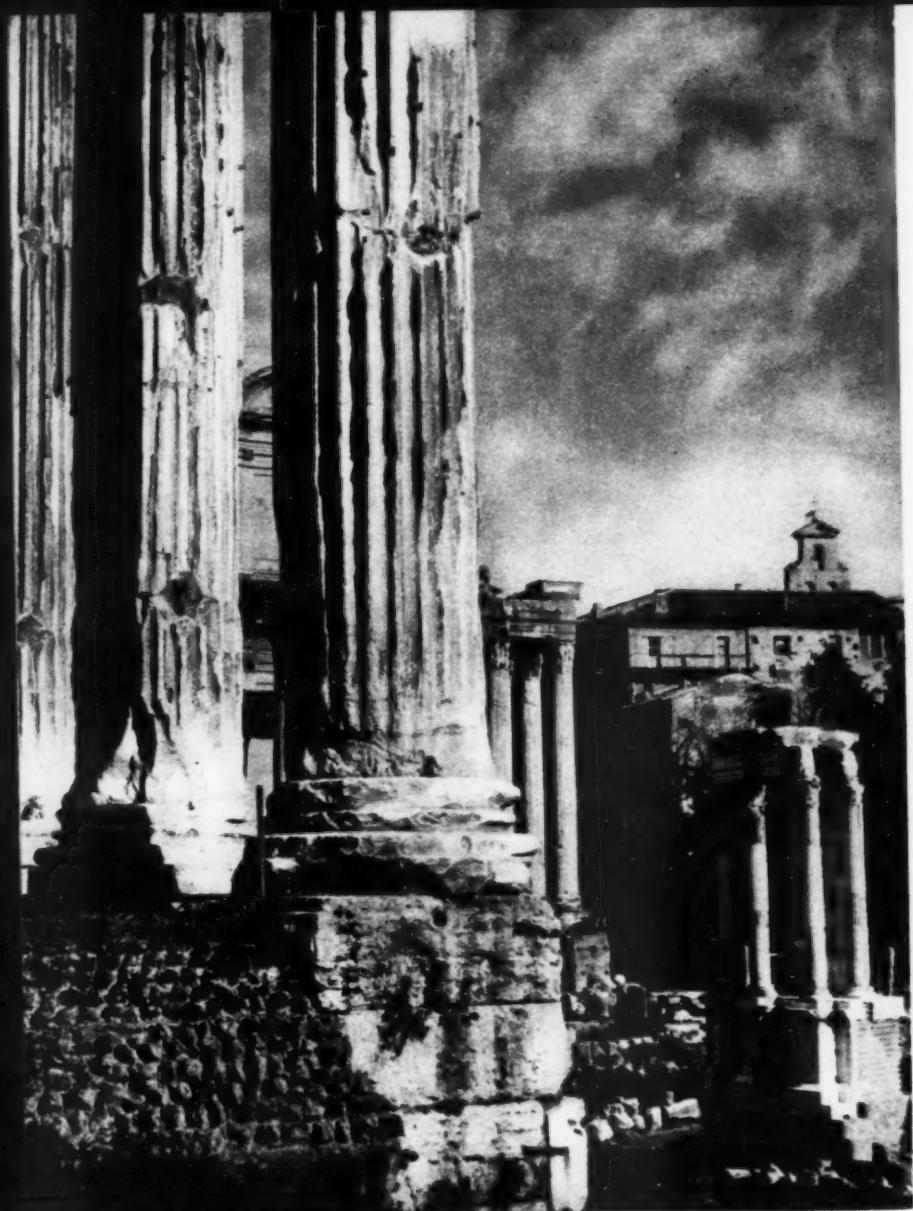
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ORK
ERNST RATHENAU, NEW YORK

THE SERE, THE YELLOW LEAF

SEPTEMBER, 1940



ALL ROADS LED

FLORENCE HENRI, PARIS

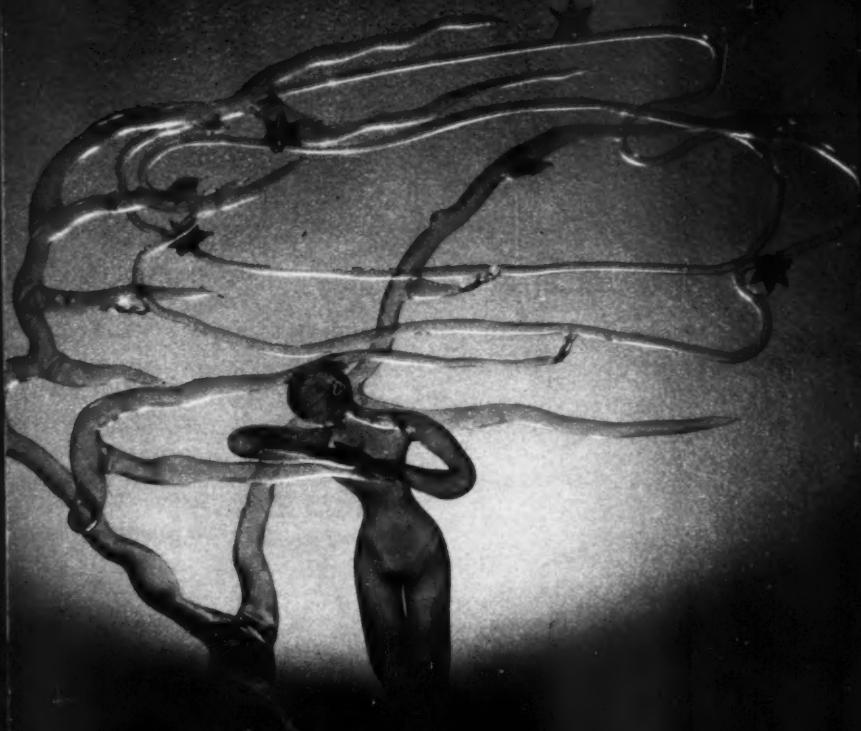
CORONET



H. TOTT, ZURICH, SWITZERLAND

EUROPA

SEPTEMBER, 1940



THE AMFALULA TREE

RUTH BERNHARD, FROM BLACK STAR

CORONET



W. C. EYmann, FROM THREE LIONS

KITTEN NAP

SEPTEMBER, 1940



BREATHING SPELL

WESTELIN, CHICAGO

CORONET

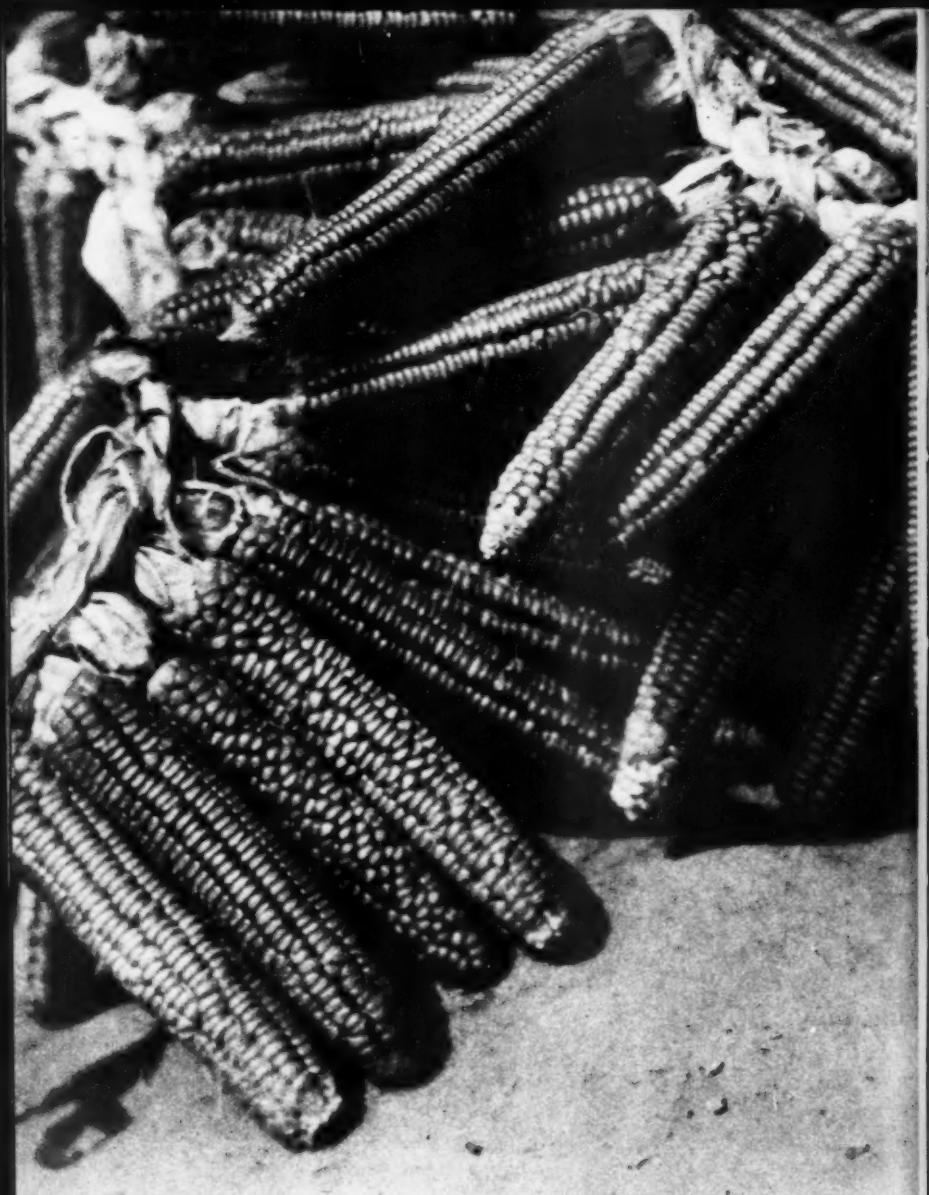
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FEININGER, FROM BLACK STAR

CROUCHING GIRL BY MAILLOL

SEPTEMBER, 1940



WAMPUM

AJTAY-HEIM, BUDAPEST

MARIC

CORONET



MARIO SCACHERI, FROM TRIANGLE

EARLY AMERICAN

SEPTEMBER, 1940



ARMED TO THE TEETH

SHAHN, FROM F. S. A.

JOHN

CORONET



JOHN GUTMANN, SAN FRANCISCO

PREP SCHOOL

SEPTEMBER, 1940



ON THE OTHER FOOT

STEPHEN DEUTCH, CHICAGO

CORONET

88



MORSE, FROM PIX

DOWN THE HATCH

SEPTEMBER, 1940



THE BROKEN LINE

MARCEL BOVIS, PARIS

CORONET

**A THOUGHT-PROVOKING ANALYSIS OF A
NATION AT PLAY, FORGETTING FOR ONCE
THE SPORTS THAT HOG THE HEADLINES**



AMERICA PLAYS THE GAME

by JOHN R. TUNIS

THE other day a New York newspaper mentioned the fact that Willis Anderson, one of the prominent young Californians in uppercrust tennis circles, had stepped off a de luxe coast-to-coast plane with a polo coat and an armful of tennis racquets in a wooden press, all ready for the season's campaign.

This set me thinking about a tournament that took place at Randall's Island, hardly a mile or more from LaGuardia Field where he disembarked. It was August, 1939. The event was the 17th annual Public Parks Championships; a tennis tournament without any tennis bums.

A tennis tournament without any tennis bums? That's correct. Several hundred amateurs, boys and girls who had won city titles all over the country competing for

the national title. Heaven alone knows where they got the jalopies which ferried them; three, four, five or six per car, from cities like Detroit and Dallas and Des Moines. Some sat up two or three nights in a day coach, or in a rolling rollicking bus to reach the scene of action.

This tournament at Randall's Island attracted little attention and no crowds. The United States Lawn Tennis Association was busy at the time with the Davis Cup and other matters which in the summer of 1939 seemed terribly important. Playing conditions would have given those elegants, the members of the First Ten, delirium tremens. There were no ball boys and the contestants spent half their time looking through the foliage for the balls.

This was the wind-up of one of

the biggest sports events on earth. Some 150,000 men and women, boys and girls, black and white, and in between, Mexicans and Japanese from California, Jewish boys from the big cities, young and old, competed in various cities all over the nation. The winners came to New York for the championships. They mostly paid their own way. Some of them were excellent players. Seymour Greenberg, the Chicago lad who won, was picked by the fathers of the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association for their Junior Davis Cup squad, and was present as a member at the Challenge Round between Australia and the United States in Merion, Pennsylvania, in September.

You didn't know much about this? No, it doesn't get a lot of publicity. You see there isn't any money in it for anyone concerned. No gate receipts, ergo no publicity, ergo little attention by the authorities who run the sport. Along about that time, or a few weeks earlier, another tournament of the same sort was held at the Mount Pleasant Park Golf Course, Baltimore, Maryland. There, 172 starters, the residue of 2,400 entries were whanging away at one another and par for the national title. They too were amateurs. They too had come up

the hard way. The victor, almost unknown before the show began, was Andrew Szwedko, the product of Pittsburgh steel.

Things are pretty grim right now, and maybe I'm stepping out of my role, but sometimes I wonder whether the average citizen who hasn't stuck his nose into Europe's mess has any idea how sport is handled in this country, and the way Herr Big in Europe runs the athletic show. There are certainly things which could be improved in American sport. There are some phonies in the high seats, there's a little graft, some plain and fancy looseness in places which call for stand-up gents and not trimmers. Yet there's the other side.

The other side—and I'm not thinking about the champions and the records and the boys who get their names in print and their mugs in the picturepapers, I'm thinking of those of us who like to shake a leg and play—is that this is a free country. Still a land where folks play. Where more folks play more different games for less money and under better playing conditions than in any land on earth. It's a nation where a steel worker in a Pittsburgh mill and a Jewish boy from a metropolis can win championships because

they have the stuff. When it comes to sport, and I mean sport not Davis Cups, we've got lots to be thankful for.

I can still remember trying to go around the public golf course in Franklin Park, Boston, in the year 1905. It was better than a hayfield but not much. Jump along a quarter of a century. Have you seen the Bethpage State Park layout at Farmingdale, Long Island? Four superb courses, the championship one, 6,870 yards long, said to be the equal of any private country club links anywhere. Costs you one dollar a day to play. That's progress.

Tennis? Same thing. Since 1935, when the WPA took hold, armies of workers have built or improved 500 public golf courses, 10,000 playgrounds, 900 swimming pools and more than 10,000 tennis courts. Many of those public tennis courts were in poor centers of town, or in communities with no facilities for sports or recreation.

Let's not overlook, en route, the fact that a man who exercises is more apt to be a healthy citizen. A nation of healthy citizens, who exercise because they want to and not because they are forced to, is more likely to stand the gaff of these terrible times.

In the six months between July

1, 1939, and January 1, 1940, sport project allotments sliced \$340,000,000 out of the government's \$4,000,000,000 work-relief fund. "On the theory that outdoor life builds better bodies, that construction gives employment and that millions of citizens will be benefited, the government has spent or agreed to spend that sum on sport projects since last July. That includes outlays for athletic fields, parks, stadiums, swimming pools, golf courses, tennis courts and game, fish and bird work." Doesn't that make sense to you?

If you think this a boost for the WPA ask any city recreation worker, any Y secretary, any civic official in community centers or any person in touch with humanity at large today what public sport facilities have done in their vicinity for the people.

Last year Cincinnati had 71,000 players on the city's two municipal golf courses; 211,000 tennis players on the 170 tennis courts; 282,000 persons playing basketball, baseball, softball and volleyball. In the 1939 public parks tennis championships in the city of Los Angeles, there were 5,300 contestants. Back in 1924, there were four very bad public tennis courts in the city of Detroit. Today there are 400 really good

courts with nets, center straps and well-marked lines. Since Robert Moses came into New York as Parks Commissioner, the number of players on public tennis courts has risen from 13,800 in 1934 to 432,620 in 1939.

But doesn't all this trim the taxpayer? Doesn't all this sport cost like fun and fury? The answer is: No. In many cities golf courses and tennis courts are either self-supporting, or shortly will be.

Furthermore, I'll name you ten playing games, that is games and sports which we can play for the fun of it, that are either unknown or ignored in other lands.

Archery. Bowling. Deck Tennis. Horseshoes. Handball. Paddle Tennis. Roque. Shuffleboard. Softball. Volleyball. What's that? Volleyball isn't any kind of a real sport? Then you've never tried that game. Or softball, or paddle tennis either. They are playing sports. Some you may never have heard about. Few of them get much publicity, most of them get none at all. Yet all have their adherents in the thousands, one or two in the hundreds of thousands. Bowling, softball and volleyball alone probably get 20,000,000—yes, I mean millions—of fanatics who don't watch but play.

Would it interest you to know

the favorite sport of Russia? The sportives there work for their "P. T. D." which, translated, means something like Ready for Work or Defense. This is a sort of decoration, a degree that is granted anyone of any age or sex who can pass certain fixed tests:

Running 100 meters. Running 1,000 meters. (In stated times.) A high jump. A broad jump. Throwing a hand grenade a fixed distance. Swimming 50 kilometers with a gun. Walking one kilometer with a gas mask on. Passing a first aid test. And so forth and so on. Late figures are lacking, but a few years ago 1,500,000 of the 6,000,000 young sportsmen and women, had received their "P. T. D." and had passed a second harder test. The first ten graduates of this second one were all officers of the Red Army. Remember what happened to them last winter in Finland?

Speaking of the blessings of sport in our land, I'd like to hand the mike over to someone who knows more about it than I do. Bill Cunningham, who has seen his share of athletics in other countries and in the United States, remarks: "Germany shocked and disgusted and struck fear into the hearts of those who really love sport and really understand sport,

with her complete prostitution of the 1936 Olympics. Long after the running of Woodruff and Lovelock, the running and leaping of Jesse Owens are passed by other deeds and become merely part of a pattern, the sight of that German fraulein who dropped the baton in the relay and broke into wild tears because she didn't dare face the frowning Hitler will remain as a symbol of that nationalistic orgy. Likewise will the tragedy on the face of this wiry blonde lass stand as a symbol of the athlete in a land where sport isn't sport, but a government service."

No, sport certainly isn't perfect in this nation. Yet folks are given a chance to go as they please and watch the Sox whenever the inspiration seizes them. Folks can play games when they like. They're able to exercise without having to pay a fortune to do so. No one tells them or asks them how, what or why, either.

Yes, when it comes to sport, we've got lots to be thankful for.

John R. Tunis is generally acknowledged as the most intellectual of sports writers. Although his name is most widely known as a tennis authority, he has published scholarly studies on the subject of education. For twenty years he spent part of each year in France.

THE HOUR

*Nightmares are more than phantoms . . . Hope not yet
For any sudden daylight of good-will.
That dawn is far off when we dare forget
Man's brutish past. The fangs are bloody still.
Give over, for this hour, the excellent vision
Of peace on earth and gentleness in the heart,
Lest future ages view us with derision—
We who aspired to stand unmoved apart
Beyond the will of old demonic powers
That from the rack of war grant no release.
Earth stirs today with other dreams than ours—
A nightmare real as death. Nor shall it cease
Till we rebuild our pleasant ivory towers
As towers of steel—the bitter price of peace.*

—ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

SEPTEMBER, 1940

**A REPORT, FROM A STRICTLY NEUTRAL
CORNER, ON WHO IS DOING WHAT IN
THE REALM OF THE VERY LIVELY ARTS**

CARLETON SMITH'S CORNER

CORONETS:

To *The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter* by 22-year-old Dutch-bobbed Carson McCullers: a beautiful, sensitive and important first novel.

To Alfred Wallenstein for broadcasting Mozart's operas. Whatever the shortcomings, his hours are welcome oases in the deserted ether, and easily the season's most distinguished musical broadcasts.

To Columbia's Add-a-Part chamber music discs, which enable anyone with a suppressed desire for the violin, 'cello, piano or viola to constitute himself the fourth in a quartet, the fifth in a quintet, and make music until he falls. No carping partner, either, to complain he is playing too loud or that his A-flat was sharp.

To Fausta Cleva for his spirited,

authoritative conducting at Cincinnati's Zoo Garden Opera.

To the movie version of *Our Town*. Fortunately, Hollywood was content not to violate completely Thornton Wilder's simple, vital images, his elemental concept of time, his approach to universal truth.

To Franz Werfel for furnishing us a parable of our time in *Embezzled Heaven*.

DUNCE CAPS:

To Columbia Broadcasting System for broadcasting half-hour excerpts from Lewisohn Stadium concerts, thus fading out symphonies in the middle of a bar.

To RCA-Victor's merchandising experts for concentrating on a few leaders and holding back important

albums two or three years.

To radio stations for allowing continuous, unremitting bad news to be endlessly repeated.

THORNS:

To Margaret Speaks whose dull, expressionless singing has warped the air lanes too long.

To MGM's *New Moon*. Another weighty, pretentious Eddy-MacDonald vehicle; draggy episodes holding together a synthetic, artificial romance fit only for morons. 105 minutes too long.

To Rosa Ponselle for her inexcusable French, for not recording music worthier of her art than Tosti's *Si Tu le Voulais* and *A L'aime*.

To sign boards that clutter up our landscape.

To summer playhouses for neglecting new plays. Founded to act as incubators for Broadway, they have become more routine than the Schuberts.

To Ford Summer Hour for playing down to listeners, imagining they prefer inferior music sloppily performed just because the thermometer has risen.

BATTLE CRIES:

Herbert Hoover: "This winter Europe faces the grimmest famine of a century."

Adolf Hitler: "The trouble with old people is that they remember too much."

Lord Dunsany: "This struggle, not

the first, is not the last. Hitler and Attila are only tests."

President Roosevelt: "The love of freedom is still fierce, still steady in the nation today."

Gandhi: "Liberty's cause becomes mockery if the price paid is wholesale destruction of those who are to enjoy liberty."

STRICTLY INCIDENTAL:

Hollywood Bowl programs contain three different ads of singing teachers, each proclaiming: **ONLY TEACHER OF DEANNA DURBIN.**

PM was a non-profit, co-operative monthly magazine filled with illustrations and information for those interested in the graphic arts before its name was purchased by Ralph Ingersoll for his *Picture Magazine*.

Josef Hofmann possesses an autographed photo with the inscription: "To my colleague and the world's best pianist from Serge Rachmaninoff."

War jitters have increased comedians' ratings. Bob Hope demanded 100% increase in salary and got it.

Colonel de Basil's Monte Carlo ballet will spend the winter in Australia.

Charlie Chaplin resumed work on *The Dictator* day after Mussolini joined Hitler.

Jack Dempsey introduced the latest nickel-in-the-slot machines Talk-A-Vision and Phono-Vision. You see big-name bands and radio stars while you hear them.

COME ON ALONG AND HELP
REDISCOVER THE AMERICAS:
HEREWITH A ROAD MAP



SEE AMERICA AT LAST

by GRETTA PALMER

A FEW months ago a befurred and lorgnetted lady dropped in to the "Ask Mr. Foster" bureau at Rockefeller Center in New York.

"Are there any mountains in America?" she asked.

The clerk in charge was not surprised: he rapidly catalogued her as Type B-14, the American who has always summered in Europe and had not been west of Buffalo before the outbreak of the war. (This woman, as it turned out, was an extreme case: she had never been west of the Holland Tunnel.) Accustomed to spending her vacations in the Italian Alps, she was induced, in time, to accept America's Rockies as a substitute.

Travelers who have never visited in the United States in their pampered lives are doing so this year—hundreds of thousands of

them, according to the travel agencies. The woman in the New Yorker cartoon who demanded, "Do you mean to say we'll be cooped up in America all summer?" has repeated herself in cities all over the country, for it is not only the Easterner who has learned to summer in Europe. Many families from the middle and far west of America have formerly considered the trip to New York only a brief, dull curtain-raiser to the real vacation—which used to begin when they walked up the gangplank of a trans-Atlantic liner. In 1940, they have had to change their plans somewhat.

The effect of this change on the nomads *de luxe* has been extraordinary. Women who formerly prided themselves on their knowledge of Riviera royalty and on their ability to call Mlle Chanel

"Coco" now boast, over lunch at the Ritz, of how well they sit a trot on a Western cow pony. Those who had sniffed contemptuously at the American cuisine have now discovered that San Francisco, New Orleans, Quebec and even Boston have a few cooks who know what a saucepan is meant for. America's most supercilious travelers, forced by the war to move around their own country, have found to their amazement that this continent is worth seeing, after all. Some of them have even become tourist-camp enthusiasts: the old snobbery of staying in an obscure little Paris hotel with doubtful plumbing, in preference to the Crillon, has been eclipsed by the new vogue of air-conditioned roadside cabins which, say their discoverers, are more fun than any lavish resort hotel.

The new trend has even attacked so elegant a critic of native manners as Lucius Beebe, columnist of the *New York Herald-Tribune*. It is not many years since Mr. Beebe, a Harvard graduate, set out for his first venture beyond the Hudson River, at the opening of the Chicago World's Fair. Although he had insured himself of being reasonably comfortable *en route* (he had engaged a drawing room on the 20th Century), Mr.

Beebe was prepared for anything. His luggage included a nasty looking Colt .45. And he had chosen his wardrobe after anxious consultation with Abercrombie & Fitch, outfitters of polar expeditions and safaris to far outposts of the world.

Mr. Beebe, always the pioneer, could hardly have anticipated the European war and the resulting vogue for domestic travel when he claimed America, after one trip west, as his very own discovery. Since that time he has embraced the Far West with such enthusiasm that he has been known to travel to Hollywood from New York for the ride, stopping only for a brief luncheon at the Brown Derby on the Coast before returning. He has adopted San Francisco and parts of Texas as his private terrain, and his belated Americanism recently reached such a pitch that he acted as an expert consultant on the filming of *Union Pacific*, a saga of the West.

There is this to be said for Mr. Beebe and other Easterners who finally go West: they become almost fanatical in their discovery of their native land. But while these latter-day pioneers have for several years ecstatically pointed the way, it was not until the summer of 1940 that the great mass of

well-heeled American nomads summoned the courage to explore America for themselves.

The results, in material terms, have been highly satisfactory to hotel-keepers, railroad stockholders and airline management. In order to secure a single bedroom on the Chief or Super-Chief, it is now necessary to make a reservation two weeks in advance. The leading airlines have been forced to put on extra sections on their most popular runs. The enthusiasm for domestic travel, in both directions, has even spilled over the limitations of the U.S.A.: never, say those who know, has there been so much travel to Alaska. Never have Americans from the East turned, in such hordes, to Honolulu for their stay. Reservations at the Royal Hawaiian—not one of America's less expensive hotels, at any time—are so great that a month is required for the desirable suites.

Sun Valley, Del Monte, Palm Springs, White Sulphur Springs, Sea Island, Bar Harbor—hotels in these resorts have had a banner season. Cottages that were boarded up for years have been opened in many of the fashionable resorts. Southampton, Long Island, has seen rents soar. Newport's fifty-room villas—in which the spider

webs had grown—were recently dusted off and made fit for habitation. Arizona and New Mexican ranches have attracted Easterners who previously visualized the American West as being one big, industrial town, something like Bridgeport, Connecticut, with a few miles of desert in the center.

And if America's millionaires have discovered the pleasures of travel at home, so have those sections of the population who have customarily gone to Europe via Tourist Third. Travel has been made both easy and sociable for them. The fast day-coaches have now been streamlined, even to the point of having three-tier Pullman berths, air-conditioning and nurse-hostesses aboard; many lines have even installed bars and lounge cars in their all-coach trains. The savings are considerable: from Chicago to Seattle, for instance, the railroad and sleeper cost is \$44.50 in the sleeper-coach. It is \$80.89 for a regular fast train, with lower birth.

Inexpensive travel has been further encouraged by the railroad lines' astute practice of selling on the cuff: by an arrangement with the local banks, all over the country, they have made it possible for a traveler to buy his vacation on the installment plan and to pay it

off, week by week, during the following winter. A further inducement is offered to the gregarious by "conducted tours"; an entire trainful of coach passengers, bound for the Grand Canyon or New England, is accompanied by a corps of "cruise directors" who see that everyone becomes acquainted and that nobody's baggage is lost.

A further desire for economy this year has prompted many Americans to visit Canada, where the exchange is all in favor of the American dollar and where Lake Louise, Banff and the Canadian Rockies have merits of their own.

Mexico has also had a mild tourist boom, but the expected vogue for South American travel failed to come off. A quite unfounded fear of floating mines is partly to blame for this. Another factor seemed to be the curious reluctance, noted by travel experts, of Americans to go anywhere where a passport is required, in their own hemisphere. Bermuda, which now requires passports, has accordingly had a slow time of it; but Cuba, which does not, is booming.

Odd results of the new trend have already appeared. The Great Lakes—now immensely popular with Southerners and some New

Yorkers—have introduced luxurious little steamships for short cruises. The Mississippi River steamship traffic—which had suffered from the doldrums for at least forty years—is staging a notable come-back and serious students of Americana, with Mark Twain slung over their shoulders, now drift down to the Delta as they did in the River Gambler days. This seems a portent of more to come.

For America's most enthusiastic travelers have always prided themselves on their avoidance of the beaten trail. They have chanted lyrically of trips to Archangel and Samarkand, Tibet and Bali. Even on such familiar ground as France, they have sought out the minute country of Andorra. They have "discovered" the Dalmatian coast of Jugoslavia and the more inaccessible provinces of China.

Now these people, with their lust for the unknown, are snooping into the exotic sections of the Americas. Already it is possible to find travelers who exult over their trips to Trinidad de Cuba—a remote, mouldering town of old feudal houses which can be reached only after several days of difficult travel and bad inns outside Havana. Americans proudly announce that certain towns on the

Gaspé peninsula—off the main road, of course—still contain no single inhabitant who speaks English. They report strange customs and archaic folk-songs in the remote mountains of Kentucky and West Virginia. Americans are discovering that America, too, is picturesque.

Our rolling stones are already settling down on this continent and making themselves at home. The artists who formerly took Majorca and Capri as their own have chosen Key West. The St. Moritz trade is happy at Sun Valley and Peckett's. Monte Carlo addicts find things to their taste at Palm Beach in winter, at Saratoga in August. Lovers of antiquity are beginning to remember that there were such people as the Mayans on this continent. Admirers of the Welsh and Irish folk-singers are discovering the Calypso troubadours on the island of Trinidad.

Americans have pretty well explored the rest of the world: they were the inventors of the term and type of "globe trotter." Only a calamity overseas, perhaps, could have forced them to remain within their own hemisphere and to explore the possibilities near home.

But they are doing it now. And the end-results will be a fascinat-

ing thing to watch. Imaginative guide books, like Duncan Hines' *Lodging for the Night*, are already on the market: an elaborate Michelin-type guide for motorists may come next. Bicycle trains have made a tentative start from our great cities: bicycle-holidays, lasting for weeks, may soon be as common here as they were in England. Regional cookery, already investigated by Sheila Hibben in her cook book, will become the hobby of many gourmets, who collect memories of native dishes as enthusiastically as other travelers gather knicknacks and pennants.

The old slogan "See America First" never made much impression on those Americans who could muster up the money for a foray to some foreign country. "See America at Last" is quite another kettle of fish.

Americans are finally discovering that this is quite a country in which they live. They are finding that they choose a trip that will cover as much ground as a comprehensive European tour, and that they will need no passport, no interpreter, suffer no customs' examination; praise God, they will not even need to keep their eyes on the political situation before charting their next move. Iowa is not going to send bombing

planes against the inhabitants of Texas. Massachusetts will not force the inhabitants of Vermont to take to the roads as refugees. And the American who travels 2,000 miles from home, across the prairies, has no queasy feeling that his government may have to send a gun-boat to get him back.

America is interesting to travel in. What's more, the traveler at home runs scant risk of being starved or slapped in jail. There are adventures in travel in America but there are no catastrophes.

A graduate of Vassar in 1925, Gretta Palmer commutes, every few years, between the fields

of newspaper and magazine work. She has written a syndicated column for the Scripps-Howard newspapers and, during her current magazine period, has been writing feature articles for the six or seven publications that have been able to persuade her to do so.

—Suggestions for further reading:

LODGING FOR THE NIGHT by Duncan Hines	\$1.50
<i>Duncan Hines, Inc., Bowling Green, Ky.</i>	
OUR SOUTHWEST by Erna Fergusson	\$3.50
<i>Alfred A. Knopf, New York</i>	
A NEW ENGLAND SAMPLER by Eleanor Early	\$2.50
<i>Waverly House, Boston</i>	
AMERICAN GUIDE SERIES (Guidebooks to the various states, ranging in price from \$2.50 to \$3.00)	
<i>Information Service, Works Progress Administration, Washington, D. C.</i>	
A REGIONAL COOK BOOK by Sheila Hibben	\$2.79
<i>Garden City Publishing Co., Inc., New York</i>	

LOST—THE STATE OF FRANKLIN

THERE would have been forty-nine states in the Union—if the State of Franklin had survived its turbulent infancy. Duly constituted as a state in 1784, with John Sevier as governor, Franklin immediately found itself at swords points with North Carolina, from which it had broken away.

North Carolina refused to recognize the Franklin legislature, with the result that the people of Franklin found themselves under the laws of two states. When a case was being

heard in the Franklin State Court, the North Carolina sheriff would gather a posse and raid the court, seizing all the records. Calmly, then, the Franklin judge would suspend the hearing until his own sheriff could reclaim the records in a counter raid.

In such hectic manner did the State of Franklin exist for four years. At last, recognizing the futility of its continued existence, John Sevier dissolved the state in the interests of democracy. —LEWIS ZAREM

It's nice work if you can get it. The trouble is getting it. But isn't there a well-proven adage about a will and a way? These four rugged individuals had the will and found the way.

THEY GOT THE JOB

THE ATTENTION-WANGLING magazine ads, with their free trial and money-back offers, gave young Esther Burger the hint she needed to get a job. She had just finished a secretarial course in a Detroit business college and was eager to work in a business office. But she soon learned that competition was razor-keen and that the jobs were going to girls with experience. She'd try the tactics of advertisers, she decided, since she had nothing to lose. So she sat down and wrote letters to business houses, offering her services as a stenographer on a trial basis: She would work two weeks on approval—if the employer was not satisfied he would owe her nothing; if he liked her work he would pay the regular salary and put her on the payroll permanently. One firm, intrigued

by the novelty of her proposal and the ingenuity which it revealed, took her up on her offer. Before the two weeks had passed she was added to the permanent staff—and is there still.



HE HAD DONE everything he could think of to find employment in his home town in Indiana but his persistent and painstaking canvass had yielded nothing. Raising what little money he could, he went to Chicago. He answered ads, haunted employment agencies, spent weary days trudging from one place to another. But when you are a hunchback, jobs aren't easy to get. Now he had just enough left to pay his expenses one

more night. It was then he heard of a meeting of young people and employers to be held that day. He attended the assembly. "This is a free country," he reflected. "I'll get up and speak for myself." He walked up onto the platform and pleaded his case. The sincerity and purpose in that impromptu talk won him a job.



A HALF PAGE advertisement in a metropolitan newspaper costs hundreds of dollars. Usually, space of that size is used to promote the sale of merchandise or to win good will. But one experienced business man had a different idea. His friends told him the job he sought was too good to be true. In his half page ad he described that job: what it was and how he could handle it. Only a few organizations could possibly have been interested in such a man. It seemed a flagrant waste of money to take so much space in the hope of reaching so few people. But his advertisement was read. He had several replies and he got the job he wanted. The salary he asked—and received—was fifty thousand dollars a year.



JIM MERTON was a successful young man. He had risen to the position of production manager and he was

happy in his job. Then one day the president called him in and told him that his services would no longer be required. Not that he was being fired. There just wasn't enough work for a full time production manager to handle. The president offered to do anything he could to help the young man find a new connection. "I'll take you up on that," said the ex-production manager. He wanted something more effective than the usual introductory letters, recommendations and leads. Accordingly, he made a list of companies that might need a production man of experience. He drew up an outline describing himself, explaining the work he had done, including samples of some jobs he had handled and pointing out the savings his knowledge and foresight had effected. These he gathered together in outline form: they made an impressive record. In fact, even Merton himself was surprised. Then he drafted a letter such as he thought might be written about himself, showed it to the president, and asked whether he would be willing to sign it. The president did better than that. He wrote two letters. One, a personal letter, was sent to the writer's closer associates. The other, more general, went to executives he did not know. The letters got him a job.

Readers are invited to contribute to "They Got the Job." A payment of \$5 will be made for each item accepted. Address the Coronet Workshop, Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

THE CORONET HOUSE: AN EXPLANATION
OF ITS WHY AND AN ANALYSIS
OF ITS WHEREFORE, BY THE ARCHITECT



A HOUSE TO LIVE IN

by GEORGE FRED KECK

“A WOMAN,” wrote Ring Lardner in *The Love Nest*, “can be happy in a tent if they love each other.”

It's a pleasure to quote this clever poke at our silly Pollyanna axioms about happiness. After all, the more we prattle on about hearts and flowers, the less likely we are to arrive at a solution of our problems. And if one of those problems happens to be the matter of a place to live—that being the subject of this article—then let's realize one thing with no nonsense about it: the only way a human being can hope to live in decent comfort is to build, buy, rent or steal a place that is decently comfortable. Whether he “loves each other” or not is another matter.

One-third of the nation is, to put it mildly, ill-housed. Ninety

per cent of the other two-thirds is unintelligently housed. And a place to set is more important than we think. The restless quality of American life—known to preachers as the disintegration of the family—can be attributed in major share to the lack of a resting point:

Sonny is shooed out of the house because Mother is about to entertain. But he mustn't play ball in the yard or he will ruin the peonies. He ends up at a movie.

Daughter is awaiting the visit of her current swain. Either they must go out shortly after his arrival, or the family must.

Junior slips out of the house every evening after dinner to join the gang at the corner drug store. After all, he has nothing better to do, no better place to go.

What can be done about it?

It's nice work if you can get it. The trouble is getting it. But isn't there a well-proven adage about a will and a way? These four rugged individuals had the will and found the way.

THEY GOT THE JOB

THE ATTENTION-WANGLING magazine ads, with their free trial and money-back offers, gave young Esther Burger the hint she needed to get a job. She had just finished a secretarial course in a Detroit business college and was eager to work in a business office. But she soon learned that competition was razor-keen and that the jobs were going to girls with experience. She'd try the tactics of advertisers, she decided, since she had nothing to lose. So she sat down and wrote letters to business houses, offering her services as a stenographer on a trial basis: She would work two weeks on approval—if the employer was not satisfied he would owe her nothing; if he liked her work he would pay the regular salary and put her on the payroll permanently. One firm, intrigued

by the novelty of her proposal and the ingenuity which it revealed, took her up on her offer. Before the two weeks had passed she was added to the permanent staff—and is there still.



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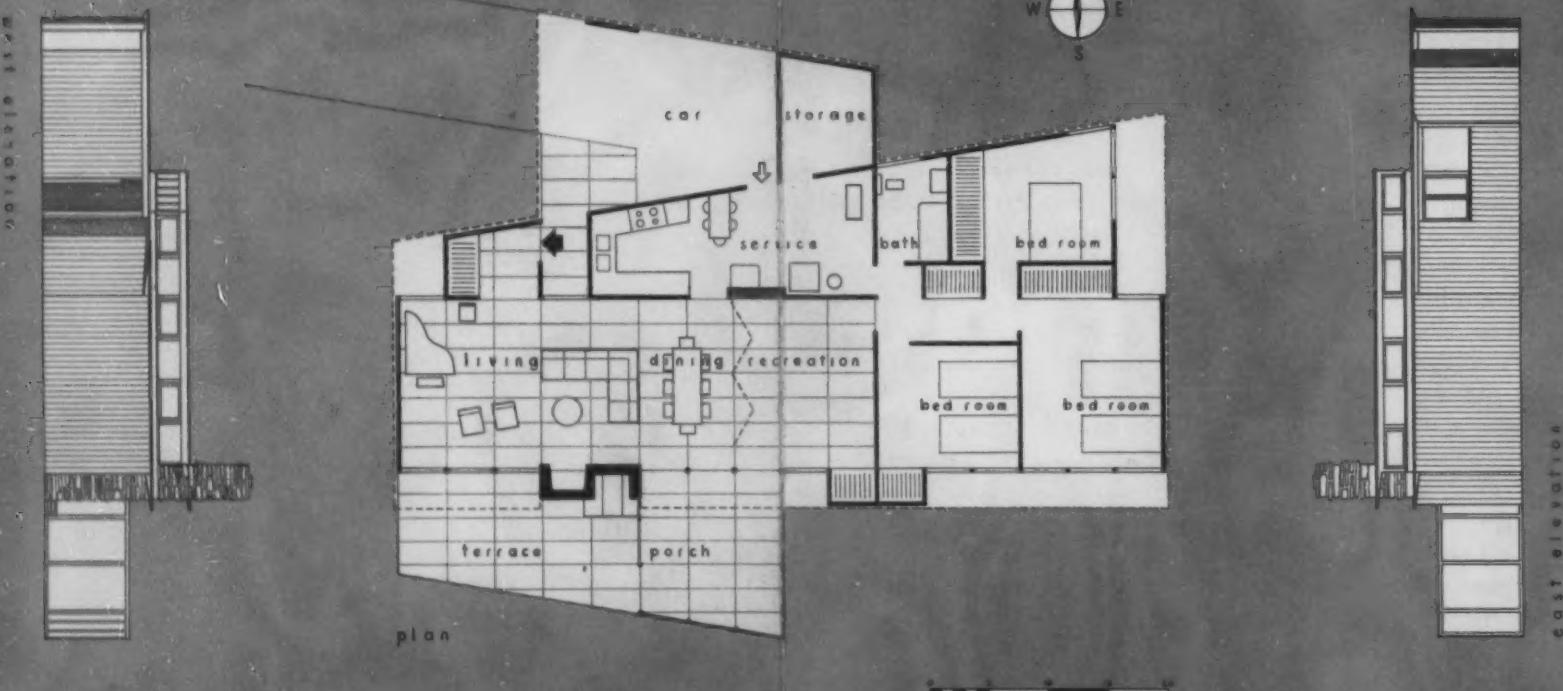
What can be done about it?

THE CORONET HOUSE
GEORGE FRED KECK • ARCHITECT



THE CORONET HOUSE
GEORGE FRED KECK ARCHITECT

ROOF ELEVATION



east elevation



south elevation

Obviously, the house can be made a more practical, more inviting, more interesting, more comfortable place to live in; where you do not fry in summer and freeze in winter, and where the various members of the family do not stumble over one another. Your life around the house can be organized to meet contemporary requirements. This contemporary (or modern) manner of building is no style: it means building today, using the materials of today in a useful, functional manner to meet today's living conditions.

Don't be frightened. Our kitchens and our bathrooms have been treated as modern living quarters for years, and nobody has died of it. In fact, those rooms are the only ones in the average house that meet today's requirements. And this does not mean that the living rooms must *look* like the bathrooms either.

There was a time when a house served a purpose different from its present function. During Colonial days all activities centered around the hearth; in fact, the hearth was built first and the house around it. But times have changed and the house has not. It is ready to be changed, however. Some of us architects are beginning to blink our eyes in

awareness that a new approach in housing is long, long overdue.

We have discovered that contemporary materials and ideas for arranging them into a workable unit are readily at hand.

We have discovered that glass is now manufactured in sizes larger than ten by twelve inches, and has been for these many years; we have discovered that a transparent wall of glass brings the garden into the house, and also the sun and moon and stars, and all the other natural phenomena; and we have discovered that this discovery can be a thrilling experience.

We have discovered the importance of orientation to take advantage of solar radiation and the prevailing winds.

We have discovered that a thin sheet of water on a flat roof will cool the house in summer, by evaporation.

We have discovered—some of us—that electricity is here to stay and that lighting fixtures designed in the image of candlesticks are rather silly.

We have discovered that basements are an unnecessary expense and that an attractive heating unit, washing machine and hot water heater can be appended to the kitchen, making

the house truly servantless by saving countless steps.

We have discovered that the place for the garage is near the front door, attached to the house, for in this manner we and our friends enter and leave the house; and this is possible because the automobile does not smell like a horse, which necessarily was relegated to the back yard. So now the important rooms can face the yard, where there are badminton and tennis courts or vegetable and flower gardens instead of a garage.

We have discovered that radio and television have certain effects upon house planning; that reception is best in a large room; that the proper acoustical materials improve the quality of sound.

We have discovered new types of windows that operate on the principle of automobile windows, making it unnecessary to remove storm windows and screens at the change of seasons.

Well, what about all of these discoveries? They sound rather interesting, don't they? Perhaps you would like to know whether they could be put to work for you. They can, very easily—if you can afford it. And you can afford it, on the scale planned here, if you earn from forty to fifty dollars a

week. That's the minimum earning power, assuming an FHA loan, necessary to build the \$5,000 Coronet House shown in the gatefold drawing. In certain sections of the country this house would cost more than this figure, which ought to be considered a minimum rather than a median figure in planning any changes or additions to the basic specifications here indicated.

This house has really been pretty well described in the list of "discoveries." Here are some other points about it:

The colored illustration shows the south elevation of the house. Note the wide eave line; its extent is calculated to shut out the hot summer sun and admit the warm winter sun, and also to protect the house from showers when the windows are open, making it unnecessary to get up at night to close the windows during a rainstorm. On the coldest winter day, when the sun is shining, enough of the sun's heat will enter the house to heat it comfortably, giving the interior the atmosphere of a spring day. The exterior of the house is of wood and stone and glass, and has a three-level flat roof made to carry a thin layer of water.

The plan of the house is shown

on the reverse side of the color illustration. Since our day is roughly divided into three equal parts (work, play, rest), the house is divided into three areas of about equal size. The work area consists of service space, storage and garage; the bedrooms constitute the rest area; the living-dining-recreation room, porch and terrace are the play area.

The service room combines the U-shaped kitchen at the west with the breakfast table in the middle and the utilities at the east, as well as storage, back door, entrance to bedroom, hall and dining room in connection.

Note the location of the bath; it is accessible from the three areas. Junior and his pals, playing outside, can reach it through the back door, thereby avoiding living room entanglements. And the recreation room finds it handy, making it possible to use the recreation room as a bedroom when Mother-in-Law comes to town. The porch can be used as a sleeping porch.

The front entrance leads from a reception hall and closet directly into the living room, one end of which can function for more formal dining. There is a folding door to the recreation room (the room of multiple uses). It can be

used as a play room for the very young, a bedroom as noted above, a study for the family when Sister entertains in the living room, or it may be opened into the living room, providing a room forty feet long for Sister's wedding party. There is a fireplace in the living room, and a screened porch accessible from the living and recreation rooms. The outside fireplace is equipped to prepare complete picnic suppers, all the way from charcoal broiled steaks to warming ovens, near the porch, so that the oldsters, who do not like to have visitations from mosquitoes and flies, can eat in comfort.

Many of the above ideas are not new. The principle of orientation was practiced by the ancient Chinese, and wetting down roofs for coolness was an Egyptian idea of 4,000 years ago. Our forefathers came from Europe, which has a much more temperate climate than ours, and brought their methods of construction with them. They did not fit in too well with our climate of temperature extremes, so we quite naturally rediscovered for ourselves the ideas developed in other climate zones. And, although few persons seem willing to take advantage of the fact, we have also worked out

some pretty good ideas of our own to make a house a better place to live in.

Rated among the top ten in the field of contemporary architecture, George Fred Kock has engaged in private practice for sixteen years. In addition, he has taught at the University of Illinois and is head of the Department of Architecture of the School of Design in Chicago. His most widely publicized houses were the House of Tomorrow and the Crystal House at the Chicago World's Fair.

—Suggestions for further reading:

THE MODERN HOUSE IN AMERICA
by James Ford \$5.00
Architectural Book Publishing Co., New York

NEW ARCHITECTURE AND THE BAUHAUS
by Walter Gropius \$1.75
Museum of Modern Art, New York

THE NEW VISION
by Lazlo Moholy-Nagy \$3.75
W. W. Norton & Co., New York

THE PUBLISHED WORKS OF LOUIS SULLIVAN, FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT and LE CORBUSIER and JEANNERET

CO-SIGNERS OF INDEPENDENCE

IN 1812, two old men began a correspondence; one was seventy-seven, the other sixty-nine. Both were signers of the Declaration of Independence. Both had been Vice-President and then President of the United States. Both had suffered the censorship that political careers impose. Now, with complete privacy, they spoke out.

Soon post-riders and post-masters along the route between Massachusetts and Virginia knew that Thomas Jefferson and John Adams were exchanging voluminous letters. For the next fifteen years, the old Argonauts—the word is Jefferson's—kept up the correspondence.

Adams argued the power of beauty, with Lady Hamilton's influence as a case in point. Jefferson became excited over

experiments on the brains of animals. Both complained testily of their several infirmities.

Still they lived on. Jefferson was impatient enough to plan his epitaph. To Adams he wrote: "I await His time and will with more readiness than reluctance. May we meet there again, in Congress, with our ancient colleagues, and receive with them the seal of approbation, 'Well done, good and faithful servants.' "

If meet they did, it was at the door of that ghostly Congress. The two old men died within an hour of each other, about noon. And the date? Incredibly enough, the date was July 4, 1826, the fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

—AUDREY WALZ



1

THE ART OF HISTORY

"**E**VERY SCHOOLBOY KNOWS" is a phrase that usually precedes the statement of some obscure textbook fact. In this instance, however, every schoolboy really should be able to identify, at a glance, most of the pictures shown on this and the following three pages.

All ten of the pictures depict famous events, or scenes, in American

history. You are not expected to cite chapter and verse—merely identify them beyond a reasonable doubt. If you can state the essence of the events delineated in the pictures, even though your choice of words is not in precise agreement with that given on page 126, your answers should be considered correct. A score of seven correct answers is average for grown-ups.



2



3



4





8



9



10

**DICTATORSHIP vs DEMOCRACY—
THE UNIVERSITY OF IOWA
CONDUCTS AN UNUSUAL EXPERIMENT**



DEMOCRACY IN A TEST TUBE

by DARRELL HUFF

WHILE democracy arms in fear it may have to meet dictatorship on a battlefield, American psychologists are pouring these opposing forms of government into test tubes for laboratory analysis.

The "test tubes" are ten-year-old boys, formed into "G-man" clubs by University of Iowa psychologists under the direction of Dr. Kurt Lewin. By watching how the boys behave in miniature dictatorships and democracies, the psychologists are learning more than they ever knew before about the true natures of dictatorship and democracy.

Two "junior G-man" clubs were formed and the boys were given playrooms. All started to work on the same project—construction of theatrical masks. After the boys had grown interested in their play and had developed some group

spirit, Dr. Lewin assigned them university graduate students as leaders.

One of these leaders was instructed to conduct his G-man club as a totalitarian state. He was to be a dictator, European plan. He called the boys in his club together and gave them orders. He told them how to make the masks and he assigned each of them to a specific task. He told each boy how to work, and with whom to form a partnership.

The other graduate student conducted his club along democratic lines. He gave only technical advice, but helped the boys to co-operate and worked with them. The boys made their own decisions and worked together or alone as they pleased.

At the end of six weeks, the groups exchanged leaders, so that

each boy worked for a period under each type of government. All this time, while the boys worked and played, trained observers noted each move the boys made and every significant word they spoke. Motion pictures made an additional record.

The difference between the boys' behavior in the contrasting atmospheres was marked from the first week. The youthful G-men in the dictatorship rapidly became less friendly toward each other. Hostility developed toward the leader of the group—the dictator—but it remained beneath the surface as the boys took their hostility out on each other. Although there were these evidences of great tension, the dictator kept the work going and it progressed rapidly.

The boys in the democracy, however, remained friendly toward each other and toward their leader. They held informal meetings to discuss progress of their project. Instead of working alone or in pairs, like the boys in the dictatorships, the inhabitants of the miniature democracy bunched into fours and fives.

The amount of work accomplished was only slightly greater in the democracy than in the autocracy. The great difference was in the easy co-operation with which

it was accomplished. This led to the conclusion that in efficiency there was little to choose between the two governmental forms—so long as the leader was present to keep his eyes on the boys.

The next question was: How would the boys behave when they were not watched?

When the leader of the democratic club walked from the room, the work continued uninterruptedly. But in the dictatorship the absence of the leader's pointing finger was strikingly felt. Within a few minutes after the dictator went out of the room all work ceased. The boys were idling about the room or starting fights. The hostility the dictator's commands had aroused broke into the open.

Then the scapegoat situation arose. The pent-up hostility of the boys living under a dictatorship hunted an outlet. It could not be vented upon the leader, so it turned upon one of the boys in the club. The other youngsters made life so miserable for him that he soon ceased attending the meetings.

Of course, all of these experiments were conducted with children. But adults, as educators frequently point out, are, after all, only children grown up.

All of us are creatures of two worlds—the waking world and the world of dreams. For convenience we call one of these lives "real." Below are presented a few adventures in that other life, the world of dreams.

YOUR OTHER LIFE

FALLING asleep from the effects of a mild dose of opium, Coleridge dreamed a complete poem, apparently inspired by the name "Khan Kubla," which he had read just before dosing off. In the dream, words of the poem rose before him as *things*. He thought he had dreamed several hundred lines when he awoke.

Frantically reaching for pen and paper, he began to write. He had finished about one fifth of the dream poem—the fragment which all the world knows as *Kubla Khan*—when he was interrupted.

A gentleman carrying an umbrella had come from Porlock to see him on a matter of business. After his visitor departed, Coleridge tried in vain to

remember more of the poem, but the slim bridge of memory no longer connected his two lives.

Men with umbrellas seem always to be England's tragedy.



USUALLY the sea keeps its secrets well. Whether it did so in the case of the *Waratah* is a matter of a dream.

The *Waratah* steamed out of Durban bound for Capetown in mid July of 1909. On July 27 she was last sighted. The following day there was a gale of great intensity. Not the slightest trace of the *Waratah* was ever found. Not even a stick of wreckage.

When the *Waratah* had left Durban she had been minus one passenger. Mr. C. Sawyer had refused to continue on the ship because he had dreamed three times of a man who held a long sword between him and the ship, while in the other hand he clutched a rag which was covered with blood.

On July 28 Sawyer dreamed again. This time he saw the *Waratah* ploughing through a high sea. Suddenly a huge wave broke over her bow. She shivered, rolled over on her starboard side, and completely disappeared from sight.

Sawyer did not know that the *Waratah* was in the midst of a gale on the night of the 28th. He had every reason to believe that she was having a safe and wholly pleasant voyage.

But his dream world may have known better.



WHEN DREAMING while under ether, Conrad Aiken always felt that he had risen above time and space.

In one ether dream he started out as one of Columbus' sailors, but on the way to America he fell overboard. He drifted down to the ocean floor, where he became an oyster. He then saw the keels of Columbus' ships overhead and said:

"Good Lord, this means I won't be

there when they discover America!"

It was at this point that the feeling of omnipotence began. As he explained it: "I knew that America had already been discovered: but I also knew that it was not *yet* discovered. I had stepped clear out of time and space; my consciousness was both before and *after* the event."

What all the books of philosophy cannot make clear to our waking selves is often quite simple in our other life.



IN THE dreams of persons blind since birth other symbols are substituted for visual ones. In one case, animals always talked, the different creatures being distinguished from one another by the different types of voices.

In another case, a blind boy dreamed of the Day of Judgment by hearing the trumpets blare and then feeling himself being pulled upwards by means of a rope.

Perhaps in dreams the blind are closer to reality than the rest of us—for they have already perceived that at least one of our senses is an illusion.

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**WE'D LIKE TO MAKE THIS
COMPULSORY: A TEST ABOUT
AMERICA FOR AMERICANS**



OH SAY CAN YOU SEE?

THIS is a country great in size and in history, but few of its citizens attempt to keep pace with the record of its greatness. If we can take the trouble to memorize batting averages, perhaps we can expend the required effort to

check up on our knowledge about our country. Why not start here—and now? Count two points for each correct answer. A fair score is 60; 70 is good; 80 or over is excellent. Answers will be found on page 138.

1. What is the national per capita wealth of the U.S.? (a) \$863, (b) \$1,768, (c) \$2,293.
2. Which state has the lowest illiteracy rate in the Union? (a) Arkansas, (b) Iowa, (c) North Dakota.
3. When displaying the U.S. flag against a wall, the Union should be to the right of the observer. True or false?
4. The President of the United States is properly addressed as: (a) Your Excellency, (b) Mr. President, (c) Mr. Roosevelt.
5. When writing to your senator, you address him as: (a) My dear Congressman, (b) My dear Senator, (c) Dear Joseph Smith.
6. From 1784-1787 an independent state existed between North Carolina and Tennessee. It was called: (a) Carolsee, (b) Jefferson, (c) Franklin.
7. The Canal Zone is: (a) a government reservation, (b) a U.S. colony, (c) a U.S. Protectorate.
8. The cities of Panama and Colon belong to the Republic

of Panama. True or false?

9. The prevailing winds of this country are from what direction?

10. The president of the American Red Cross is: (a) Norman H. Davis, (b) Evangeline Booth, (c) Franklin D. Roosevelt.

11. The highest point in North America is: (a) Mt. McKinley, (b) High Tor, (c) Pike's Peak.

12. The White House was first occupied by: (a) George Washington, (b) John Adams, (c) James Monroe.

13. When the British captured Washington in 1814 they were careful not to damage the White House. True or false?

14. How long must an alien reside in this country before he can acquire American citizenship? (a) 6 months, (b) 2 years, (c) 5 years.

15. No U.S. citizen can renounce his or her citizenship within a year before or during this country's participation in war. True or false?

16. In addition to being a surveyor, gentleman farmer, and soldier, which of the following was another of George Washington's preoccupations? (a) butcher, (b) distiller, (c) dentist.

17. America is a free country, therefore immigrants need not pay an entrance fee. True or false?

18. The Declaration of Independence was drawn up by: (a) John Hancock, (b) Benjamin Franklin, (c) Thomas Jefferson.

19. Eight of the fifty-six signers of the Declaration of Independence were foreign born. True or false?

20. The first president of the Continental Congress, and therefore of "the United States in Congress Assembled," was: (a) Thomas McKean, (b) George Washington, (c) Benjamin Franklin.

21. In the Constitution, the Bill of Rights consists of: (a) the Preamble, (b) the original 7 articles, (c) the first 10 amendments.

22. Molly Pitcher is famed in Revolutionary history for having: (a) brought water to near prostrate gunners, (b) warned Washington of General Howe's approach, (c) made the immortal statement, "Shoot if you must this old grey head."

23. How many amendments to the Constitution are there? (a) 18, (b) 20, (c) 21.

24. In order for an amendment to become law it must be rati-

fied by: (a) all of the states, (b) two-thirds of the states, (c) three-fourths of the states.

25. The words of the *Star Spangled Banner* were written by Francis Scott Key. The music was: (a) written by Mrs. Key, (b) taken from an old English hymn, (c) taken from *Anacreon in Heaven*.

26. The president's oath of office is essentially a promise: (a) to preserve and uphold the Constitution, (b) to administer the laws justly, (c) to serve the people of the U.S.

27. The Postmaster General is a Cabinet officer. True or false?

28. Which of our presidents approved the act which designated the *Star Spangled Banner* as our national anthem? (a) James Monroe, (b) Herbert Hoover, (c) Theodore Roosevelt.

29. What must a president do to become eligible to get his picture on a postage stamp? (a) pass a law to that effect, (b) accomplish something out of the ordinary, (c) die.

30. Which one of the following can send letters through the mail simply by writing his or her name on the corner of the envelope? (a) Postmaster General, (b) wife of the President,

(c) Secretary of State.

31. What city in this country does not belong to any of the United States?

32. There is a lake in this country that is 22% solid. Can you name it?

33. Unlike all other states, whose laws are based on the English Common Law, the laws of which of these states are patterned on the Napoleonic Code? (a) Louisiana, (b) New Mexico, (c) Georgia.

34. In how many wars with foreign nations has the U.S. been engaged?

35. Do the U.S. Marines come under the jurisdiction of the Army or the Navy?

36. The U.S. Secret Service has two statutory duties. What are they? (a) protect the life of the president, (b) guard the mint, (c) suppress counterfeitors.

37. In what state does the Mississippi River originate? (a) Wisconsin, (b) Mississippi, (c) Minnesota.

38. Who was the first postmaster general of the U.S.? (a) John Adams, (b) Thomas Jefferson, (c) Benjamin Franklin.

39. A naturalized citizen is entitled to all the privileges of a native citizen, except that he

cannot become president. True or false?

40. What is the only crime defined in the Constitution? (a) counterfeiting, (b) treason, (c) murder.

41. Repeat the first seven words found in the Constitution of the U.S.

42. "Seward's Folly" was: (a) the Louisiana Purchase, (b) the purchase of Alaska, (c) the Gold Rush.

43. The Virgin Islands were purchased for \$25,000,000 from: (a) England, (b) Spain, (c) Denmark.

44. When it is going through the Panama Canal—from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific Ocean—in which direction does a ship travel?

45. The geographic center of the U.S. is in: (a) Smith County, Kansas, (b) Jones County, Utah, (c) Brown County, Indiana.

46. The continental area of the U.S. is approximately: (a) 1,000,000 square miles, (b) 3,000,000 square miles, (c) 15,000,000 square miles.

47. The yearly salary of the vice-president of the U.S. is: (a) \$15,000, (b) \$20,000, (c) \$25,000.

48. What is the maximum amount of annual salary on which social security taxes may be levied?

49. Two of the so-called seven wonders of the modern world are in the U.S. Name at least one of the two.

50. In the defeat of Burgoyne, in 1777, Benedict Arnold: (a) crossed over to the British lines, (b) ordered his men to remain neutral, (c) fought bravely against the British.

ANSWERS TO HISTORY QUIZ ON PAGES 115-118

1. The Spirit of '76; 2. Washington at Valley Forge; 3. Washington's First Inaugural Address; 4. The first Thanksgiving;
5. The Landing of Columbus; 6. Henry Clay's im-

mortal address; 7. The surrender of Lord Cornwallis; 8. Perry transferring his flag at the Battle of Lake Erie; 9. The signing of the Declaration of Independence; 10. The marriage of Pocahontas.

**MAKING BETTER BEDFELLOWS
OUT OF THE TAXPAAYER AND THE ARTIST
—THAT'S WHERE NED BRUCE COMES IN**



AMERICAN RENAISSANCE

by MAXINE DAVIS

THE mayor of Cannonsburg, Pennsylvania, decreed a half-holiday when the mural painting was installed in the new post office; the leading citizens made speeches, and the fire department led the parade in honor of the event.

Great art? Who knows! But certainly a great event, one of many hundreds like it which are marking a new epoch in our cultural life.

For the first time in our history, art is being deliberately fostered by government. It is authentic American art. As surely as sunflowers and cactus, it has its roots in the rocky hills of New England, the black loam of the prairie, the alkali of our deserts. In the Cannonsburgs and Bigtowns of this land artists are seeing the power and beauty and history of Ameri-

ca; and the people are seeing themselves and their homes and traditions through the eyes of their own artists.

Here's how it happened:

About fifteen years ago American artists began to get very, very tired of the tortured eggplants and maladjusted umbrella stands produced by the most popular schools of modern art. New painters, uninfluenced by the impressionists or the abstractionists, began to enjoy a vogue. One of the outstanding artists of this group was Edward Bruce, a painter modern in sympathy, solid and timeless in expression. The Luxembourg Museum in France had bought one of his canvasses. Other collectors were purchasing them at prices well into four figures.

But Bruce knew he was fortunate. Most of his colleagues were

starving. Art to the average American was the *Blue Boy* on a Christmas calendar; or the big-bosomed bovine ladies in cheesecloth who represented Justice Blindsight, or Liberty on the walls of the state house.

When the New Deal began its pump-priming in the winter of 1933-34, Bruce had an inspiration: the Federal government as a patron of art!

Thus the Public Works of Art Project, the first of the so-called "white collar" projects, was born.

The results, revealing not only some unknown artists of obvious talent but also an art sincerely American in its expression, justified Bruce in his conviction that the United States government should be a modern Lorenzo de Medici. It must secure works of art selected, however, in the interests of all the people, and not as a relief measure to meet the economic needs of the artists. Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau agreed with him, and there was set up a Section of Fine Arts, under The Public Buildings Administration. Bruce is Chief of the Section.

When a Federal building is planned, such as a courthouse or a post office, one per cent of its cost is set aside for murals or

sculpture. Contracts are allotted on a democratic basis: anonymous competition, free field, no favor, and fair trial for all. Famous and unknown artists all get the same chance. When competitions are announced, artists submit designs, with their names and addresses in sealed envelopes. The choice is made by a jury, the personnel of which changes frequently.

Whether or not any deathless art has as yet been produced, Americans are learning to see themselves and their country with greater appreciation. There is a mural in the post office in Granville, Ohio, depicting the hour when the pioneers unhitched their horses and prepared to settle there. They cut down their first tree for a pulpit, and as it fell, so the story goes, there was a moment of religious emotion when they all burst into a hymn. You see the men and women, their guns in their hands, their faces lifted in exaltation. The whole composition is moving and inspiring—and as American as their covered wagons.

A mural in the Department of Justice Building in Washington showing a mother and child just before the boy chooses the planned way through the schools to a good

life instead of child labor in the mills, has moved critics to superlatives. The sense of promise and tragedy in this mural, the reality and emotion are in vivid contrast to a couple of gigantic silvered statues in the same building. These pre-Bruce monstrosities look like inept advertisements for a radiator company. Passing tourists usually feel an irresistible impulse to knock on them to see if they are hollow. They are.

The American taxpayer is getting better public art now than he ever used to and paying much less for it. Before the Section of Fine Arts was established, the Government spent \$630,400 for the painting and sculpture in two buildings, the Archives Building and the Supreme Court. This is about what Bruce spent on the first 400 Federal buildings decorated by his section's artists. And as for the quality of the art in the Supreme Court, every time he goes into the building, says Justice Harlan F. Stone, he feels that he looks like a cockroach in the Temple of Karnak!

Goodness knows Bruce doesn't over-pay. He can't. The average contract under his plan is about \$1,400; the lowest has been \$300 and the largest \$45,600, paid for a pair of big stone figures for the

Federal Trade Commission Building.

Bruce eats, sleeps, and dreams his job. Indeed, he worked so hard getting the project under way that in 1935 he was stricken with a paralysis which permanently disabled his left arm and leg. But when you meet him, you are somehow not aware of this handicap. Bruce is a huge, round-shouldered mountain of a man who gives an impression of power and vitality as endless as Niagara Falls.

All his life has been on a grand scale. His language is superlative, and often needs censoring. His wit is Rabelaisian on occasion. He's inclined to be brusque if he doesn't agree with a caller, and insults people who are bad-mannered, sometimes sending an offender a copy of *Emily Post*. Over eighty people own such unexpectedly donated volumes!

"Ned" Bruce, as almost everyone calls him, had four spectacular careers—lawyer, financier, publisher, and painter—before he took up his present one. Born in Dover Plains, New York, the son of a Baptist minister, he was an outstanding student at Columbia as well as an All-American football player. After four years with a New York law firm he left to

set up independent practice in the Philippines.

No one who lived in Manila in those days will ever forget him. There was the time he beat a Filipino for maltreating a horse. The judge fined the native ten pesos for beating the horse, and Bruce twenty pesos for beating the Filipino! When he first landed in Manila, far from rich, he heard that the *Manila Times* was for sale—for \$200,000. Bruce offered \$1,000 in cash and the balance in notes. To his surprise the owner accepted. Three years later Bruce paid the notes out of the paper's profits.

Bruce became interested in a company advising and organizing American enterprise in the Far East, and came back to New York to direct it. But his hobby—painting — seemed more important. Sundays and nights he would paint.

Bruce's company failed, and a bank and a great law firm immediately bid for his services. But in his forties Bruce gave up business and became a painter.

Because he wanted to learn the craft of painting thoroughly, he decided to study with Maurice Sterne in Italy. Sterne cordially invited the Bruces to share a 48-room castle near Rome—and lived

to regret it. Bruce, a business man with methodical habits of work, never waited for an inspiration. He rose at dawn and painted till dark—and made Sterne do likewise. Sterne, though fatigued and bewildered by his pupil's speed and energy, produced more himself than any time before or since. He shudders when he thinks of it! The pair would go out in a movable studio—a big car equipped with everything an artist needed—and paint systematically. The chauffeur sometimes got bored. Once Bruce handed him a palette and brush and said, "Here. You paint too."

Bruce made a bonfire of his first year's work, and did not exhibit until he had a one-man show in 1925. He had another in 1927. He sold every canvas. In 1929 his entry at the Carnegie International Exhibition won honorable mention. The French government bought one of his landscapes. He was selling about sixteen pictures a year, at prices of \$1,000 to \$5,500. When the absorbing job of the Section will let him, he still paints, painful though it is to work with only one arm and unable to stand. He works with a palette beside him and wipes his brushes contentedly on his pants.

As art in public places naturally

arouses controversy, there have been criticisms of some of the work done under Bruce's direction. For the most part, however, the people in the cities adorned by the Section of Fine Arts' murals and sculptures have been delighted. They have watched the painters at work. They have made suggestions, helped in research for design and detail. The pictures belong to them. Whether it is the mural of Custer at Monroe, Michigan, or the painting of a mine rescue in Idaho, the material has come out of the community.

The new American art, encouraged by Edward Bruce and the Federal government's program, has stimulated an almost tropical growth of painting and sculpture which is indigenous, vigorous, direct. As for its quality, time is the only dependable critic.

And time has shown that the art treasures of the world have often been created in small, obscure places by painters or sculptors who drew their artistic sustenance from the people and the soil.

Maxine Davis is the reporter who broke an appointment with Hitler because, at the time, he didn't seem important. On the other hand, she has covered with distinction such events as the London Naval Conference and various sessions of the League of Nations. She lives in an old house in Georgetown, purchased because its high ceilings accommodate her ambitious collection of American art.

—Suggestions for further reading:

NEW HORIZONS IN AMERICAN ART introduction by Holger Cahill	\$2.50
GOVERNMENT AND THE ARTS by Grace Overmyer	\$3.00
W. W. Norton & Co., New York	
AMERICAN PAINTING TODAY by Forbes Watson	\$4.50
American Federation of Arts, Washington, D.C.	
HAVE WE AN AMERICAN ART? by Edward Alden Jewell	\$2.75
Longmans, Green & Co., Chicago	
MODERN AMERICAN PAINTING by Peyton Boswell, Jr.	\$5.00
Dodd, Mead & Co., New York	

THE PIOUS ABSTRACTIONIST

A BRAHAM LINCOLN was once shown a picture and asked to give an opinion.

"I can truthfully say," replied Lincoln, "that the painter of this picture is a very good painter in that he has observed the Commandments."

"What do you mean by

that?" asked the puzzled owner of the painting.

"I mean that he hath not made to himself the likeness of anything that is in the heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth."

—J. MACK WILLIAMS

Here presented are a few sidelights on animal behavior. They are not intended to prove anything—except that other creatures, besides man, have non-conformists, eccentrics, and perhaps even geniuses.

NOT OF OUR SPECIES

THE PUMA cried when the man came forward to kill it. The eyes of the great "leopard of the New World" filled with tears; it made no effort to fight. The man, an Englishman by birth, but who was at the time a cowboy in South America, tells the story:

"The puma sat back against a stone and did not move even when the noose of my lasso was thrown over it. When I went forward with my knife unsheathed, it made no attempt to get away. It seemed to know what was coming. It began to tremble, tears ran from its eyes, it whined in a most pitiful way. After I had killed it, I felt that I had committed a murder."

The great naturalist W. H. Hudson investigated the story, considered

it authentic. Perhaps the puma had not read the first law of nature, or perhaps he was a conscientious objector.



OFTEN WHEN naturalist Cherry Kearton opened the flap of his tent he found a queue of penguins outside, waiting patiently for a chance to come in and inspect his belongings. His tent was pitched on an island inhabited by millions of penguins, and during his stay the penguins visited him almost daily.

The queue which they formed outside his tent was orderly and in a perfect line. Each penguin awaited his turn to enter. Once inside the

tent, the penguins examined each item of furniture, pecking at pieces of equipment. When the weather was fair, a new group of the birds came each day.

There was only one trouble. The penguins had to be watched carefully, or they would steal anything which they could carry with them.



TO BETTER study a trap-door spider, Robert Sparks Walker moved the insect, together with its house, to a spot in his lawn. The spot was near a cement walk, and it was Walker's custom to entertain his guests by prying open the trapdoor of the spider's home. The guests then had a fine look at the interior of the nest.

Finally the spider lost patience. During the night she rehung the door, placing the hinge on the opposite side. This made it impossible for people standing on the walk to see in.

In man they would call it ingenuity.



SERVANTS IN an English country house enticed a frog out of its hole by giving it food. By fall the frog was quite tame, even venturing as far as the hearth. There it met the family's rather formidable house cat.

The cat surveyed the frog and purred. One day the frog hopped between the cat's paws and snuggled into the warm fur.

Thereafter the frog came from its hole every day at sunset and took its place between the cat's paws. The cat would not allow anyone to disturb the frog. All winter the strange drama went on.

W. H. G. Kingston reported the case in detail. It is a minor discord in the great symphony which plays on the theme of the immutable laws of animal behavior.



BUZZARDS WERE determined to get into the cage at the Rio de Janeiro zoo. Food was placed both outside and inside the cage, but the birds were imbued with the idea that the food was better inside. As the keeper explained to world-renowned zoologist, Dr. Raymond L. Ditmars:

"Every once in a while we open the buzzards' cage, shoo out the ones inside and run in a fresh batch. The gang outside is anxious to get in! They think the rations are more generous."

Distant fields—not alone for the human species are they greener!

Readers are invited to contribute to "Not of Our Species." A payment of \$5 will be made for each item accepted. Address the Coronet Workshop, Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

**A CAT CAN LOOK AT A KING
AND AN URCHIN CAN HOLD CONCLAVE
WITH A REAL, LIVE MILLIONAIRE**



MANY MANSIONS

by HENRY ROTH

WHEN I was 10 years old I became a collector of mansions. I would walk up and down Fifth Avenue slowly and admire one by one every mansion on what was then called Millionaires' Row. Millionaires' Row extended approximately from 57th Street to 93rd Street, from Mr. Vanderbilt to Mr. Ruppert. Sometimes I would ask a deliveryman or a coachman who the owner of a certain residence was. Later on I learned I could get all the information I needed from the society columns. With clipping in hand, I often stood in homage before the premises of last night's ball.

Mansions, however, unlike other things that boys collected, had interiors. And after a while I began to long for a peek behind one of these façades I knew so well. Unfortunately, I didn't know

any millionaires. But one day, as I was walking along Fifth Avenue—not exactly making a tour of inspection, but more in the manner of a connoisseur lovingly poring over familiar works—I spied Senator Charles Stover coming out of his residence on 77th Street. Senator Stover's dwelling had always been one of the chief shrines on my pilgrimages along Fifth Avenue.

The old Mall in Central Park was only a few blocks away, and on late summer afternoons, when Mr. Volpe conducted the band through the Second Hungarian Rhapsody, or Mr. Kaltenborn enthusiastically picked up his violin in a Strauss waltz, I would sit back on a park bench and dreamily watch the glittering roofs of this my prize abode as they wavered among clouds of music. It

was the one mansion of all that I would have wished to enter. And now across the Avenue stood opportunity itself.

The Senator was a slight man, bearded and old, a little stooped in his tan alpaca suit with its high lapels and his stiff straw hat. For a moment as he stood in front of that vast pile of granite and marble, he looked like the old fisherman in the Arabian Knights who had opened the vase and let out the Djinn. And then he began walking briskly downtown along Fifth Avenue. I set out in pursuit. "Mr. Stover!" I called.

He whirled about. It may have been the sound of running feet behind him or my sudden call, for he gripped his cane as though he meant to strike out. "What is it?" he demanded.

"I didn't mean to bother you." I suddenly repented the whole venture. "I'll go ahead."

"You'll what?" he said. "Come here, young man." The Senator had been a school teacher early, very early in his youth—before he had gone to Montana to make his fortune in copper. He adjusted his starched cuffs as ominously as any grammar school principal. "How did you know my name?"

"I seen it in the newspapers," I

blurted out. "I seen your picture."

"And do you always run after, do you always shout after people whose names you see in the newspapers?" He had a Viking's heavy curved nose and a drastic blue eye.

"No, sir," I quailed. "I never did it before."

"Well, be a man whatever happens." He indicated with a short upward wave of his hand that he wanted me to straighten up.

"What is it you want?"

My cause seemed too hopeless for me even to begin. "I know all the houses on Fifth Avenue." I flung my arms out despairingly. "I know them all."

The Senator waited with knit brow.

"I know them all from the outside," I said faintly. "I never been inside one."

"Oh." He regarded me obliquely for a moment and then suddenly glanced up and down Fifth Avenue, as though it might have occurred to him that I had an accomplice. Fortunately for me, Fifth Avenue at that moment was apparently devoid of suspicious characters. "You know all the houses," he said. "Why do you know all the houses?"

"I don't know." I hung my head. "Everybody knows some-

thing. Some kids know any automobile. Some kids know any penny date. I know any house. I'm sharks with houses."

"Sharks," the Senator repeated. "Whose house is that?" he jerked his head abruptly at the white stone house beside which we were standing.

"Oh, that's Mr. Bridgman's house." I was on my mettle now. "Mr. Horace Harding is next to him—by the empty lot." I was afraid the Senator would ask me who owned the empty lot—which was something I wasn't sure of. But he didn't. He let his eye run along the row of houses downtown.

"Where does Harkness live?"

"Which Harkness?" I fairly tingled with information. "The Harknesses is trips."

"The Harknesses are *what*?" said the Senator.

"Trips," I explained. "Like in marbles. When there's three marbles together, you yell trips. When there's two marbles together, you yell dubs. There's lots like that on Fifth Avenue."

"Oh, yes, yes, yes," said the Senator. He said "yes" so many times, I thought he would never stop, as though he were unfolding the years to the time when he had first heard the expression.

"There's even fourples," I offered eagerly. "The Vanderbilts is fourples. The Goulds is fourples. So is the Brokaws."

"Of course there are fourples." The Senator crowded his beard upward with the back of his hand. "Do you know where they all live?" And at my confident nod, "All?" he raised his voice. "All the Harknesses, for example?"

"Yes, sir. There's one Harkness lives on the corner of 75th Street. Then there's another Harkness lives on number 933. And there's Charles Harkness. He lives on 685, near 53rd Street."

"Good Lord!" said the Senator.

"You want the Brokaws?" I offered. "They're harder. You want the Vanderbilts?"

"That will do."

"You want to know who lives on the other side of you? Mr. Dietrich? Mrs. Butler? Mr. Schiff?"

"That will do." He quelled me. "I'm quite convinced you know more about the best people than I do about marbles."

"I don't know them," I explained proudly. "They don't know me. I only know their outsides."

"I understand. And now you'd like to go inside, is that it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why my house?"

"Yours is the wonderfulest," I said simply.

"Hm." His beard lifted. "What is it you want to see?"

"I don't know." I could feel my eyes grow large at the mere thought of all the wonders there were to see. "You got a hundred and twenty thousand dollar organ with four thousand pipes," I reminded him. "It's got wood in it from Sherwood Forest where Robin Hood used to live. You got big lions by the fireplace with rings in their mouth. You got gold on all the ceilings."

The Senator had unbent a great deal. He seemed quite a different man from the one I had first accosted—much milder, much more amiable. "You're not the kind of boy who falls over things, are you? You wouldn't touch anything you weren't supposed to?"

"No, sir," I assured him.

"All right. We'll go in."

"You mean you're going to take me?" I stared at him.

"I haven't much time, but you'll see enough."

"Now?"

"Right now." He patted me on the shoulder. "Come along."

I stood there inertly. The prospect of beholding in reality all that I had read in the newspapers and all that I had conjured up

out of daydream and music seemed suddenly too much for me. It was one thing to convince the Senator that I was worthy to go in his mansion; it was another actually to go in. "I don't know if I can go now," I sagged apologetically. "I think my mother's waiting for me."

"Oh, I have a schedule myself." He took my arm briskly.

I stumbled along beside him. The main entrance was on the sidestreet, not on the Avenue. The nearer I drew to magnificence, the dark bronze carriage gates, the heavily curtained windows, the massive masonry of the lower walls, the less I wanted to enter. I felt as if there was something I already possessed that I might lose if I entered.

Two wide, curving steps led up to the main entrance, and then there were two glass doors, both closed. Through them I could see the reception room within, the big vases and the gilt chairs, and in every corner, a life-sized bronze pickaninny holding aloft a beaded lamp. All this I had expected to see somehow; I had seen it all in imagination. But the thing I hadn't expected to see, the thing that perhaps I had begun to fear I might see when the Senator invited me in, was the atmosphere

that surrounded all the objects in the room. Shadowy, seemingly hushed, rigorous, it was like the atmosphere in Grant's Tomb or the Egyptian room in the Museum.

I don't know what I expected things did in the Senator's mansion—whether they floated or one floated about them. But here, everything seemed decreed, ordained to stay just where it was and nowhere else. I felt as if, were I to go in, I might be decreed to stay just where I was too, and nowhere else, like one of those bronze pickaninnies with the beaded lamps. The Senator took out his latch key.

"Do you know what an immy is?"

"Yes, sir," I quavered. "I'm pretty sure it's an imitation."

"Are there immies on Fifth Avenue too?"

"I don't know," I said.

He laughed. Then he turned his back to unlock the door. In that moment lay my opportunity. While he was still talking, I tiptoed down the two steps—and fled like a felon toward Fifth Avenue. I don't know whether he knew I was gone until I was out of sight around the corner. I heard no one call. The last thing I heard the Senator say was: "I haven't said that in seventy years."

I have often wondered since what else the Senator said that he might not have said in seventy years.

"Many Mansions" is one of the few short stories that Henry Roth has written. His chief claim to fame is his novel, "Call It Sleep," which a few years back wrung super-extra reviews from the critics. Mr. Roth is now at work on a second novel for Scribner's.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGES 123-126

1—C; 2—B; 3—False; 4—B; 5—B;
6—C; 7—A; 8—True; 9—The West;
10—C.

11—A; 12—B; 13—False; 14—C;
15—True; 16—B; 17—False; 18—C;
19—True; 20—A.

21—C; 22—A; 23—C; 24—C; 25—
C; 26—A; 27—True; 28—B; 29—C;
30—B.

31—Washington, D. C.; 32—Great
Salt Lake, Utah; 33—A; 34—Five;
35—Navy; 36—A and C; 37—C;
38—C; 39—True; 40—B.

41—We, the people of the United
States; 42—B; 43—C; 44—From west
to east; 45—A; 46—B; 47—A; 48—
\$3,000; 49—Niagara Falls, Grand
Canyon; 50—C.

"Just because you've heard a thing so often it bores you, is no sign it isn't true." You've heard, so often that it undoubtedly bores you, that opportunities lie right in your own backyard. Nevertheless, it's probably true. Take, for example, the cases of four individuals whose experiences are recounted here.

THERE'S MONEY IN IT

PAUL KEARNEY of New Jersey spent his early years counting chickens after they were hatched. Employed by his father, a poultry fancier, he observed their meagre income swallowed up each month by bills, decided that perhaps after all the egg came first. After painstaking experiments, he succeeded in developing a large and fertile egg which hatched a particularly fine specimen of chick. Acting on a hunch, he made a test mailing to poultry prospects, offering to sell his super-sized eggs at a good price. Orders poured in. Most of his customers reordered.

But in the meanwhile Paul searched for new worlds to conquer. He learned that certain South American countries raised chickens of inferior size and quality. His first mailing to this new

source netted an order for 1,000 dozen at \$2.00 a dozen. Today, Paul is the head of an enormously successful mail order business.



"I COULD write a better speech than that," Mrs. S. N. Thompsen thought, as she listened to a city politician address her club one afternoon. Returning home, she continued idly to reflect on his poor choice of words, his inept phrases and clumsy repetition. She found herself unconsciously rephrasing his words, and soon she was at her typewriter, writing his lecture as she believed it should have been delivered. So enthusiastic was her

husband when he read it that she yielded to his suggestion, made an appointment to see the politician and present his speech to him. It was an immediate sale—and Mrs. Thompsons became his ghost writer.

Before long she had a list of other customers. Women asked her help in preparing talks for their club and community meetings; business men clamored for her services in writing convention speeches; professional men came to her to stock up on *bons mots* for use when they were called on to say "a few impromptu words."

The income from all this verbiage amounted to more than pin money. And best of all, Eloise Thompsons discovered that there was also both education and fun in her new enterprise.



MARY COTTER of Illinois was a successful wife, a proud mother and a gracious hostess. She was also a brilliant bridge player, and her comfortable suburban home was the scene of frequent parties. But when her husband died, Mrs. Cotter faced a discouraging future, with only a minimum of funds.

Taking stock of the facts and of herself, she hit upon what was, for her, the perfect solution. Knowing that many persons want bridge lessons but shun the commercial atmosphere of

bridge classes, she planned a series of bridge luncheons, charging her "guests" fifty cents apiece to cover both lesson and luncheon. Through friends, new acquaintances, clubs and churches, her clientele increased. Now Mrs. Cotter finds she can maintain her home, support her children and still continue to live the kind of life she enjoys.



PROBABLY the dream of every camera addict is to make his living snapping the shutter. One amateur photographer went about it in an unusual way.

While on his annual vacation trip, driving through the Midwest, it occurred to Willis Titus that he might capitalize on the interest small-town merchants expend on their window displays.

Purely on a hunch, he took pictures of some of the most attractive stores and showed the finished prints to the owners, suggesting they might like to use them in advertising or submit them in prize contests. Merchants were interested—to an extent that makes this a full-time vocation for Titus.

Readers are invited to contribute to "There's Money in It." A payment of \$5 will be made for each item accepted. Address the Coronet Workshop, Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

America Issue When the "fifty-four learned men" at last produced the Authorized Version of the Bible in 1611, King James I expressed his gratification. He did not, however, attempt to go further by adding a P.S. to the Book of Revelations.

We do not feel a Biblical reverence toward this, the America Issue of Coronet. But we do feel that the authors

who have produced this issue, building perhaps far better than they knew, deserve our complete respect—certainly to the point of allowing their handiwork to stand for itself.

★ ★ ★

It will not be out of place, however, to say a few words about two of the contributors to this issue. We wish, in fact, that there were room to mention all.

You know all about Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes, who in the opening article speaks what has too long been left unsaid. If it were necessary to introduce him, however, we would present him as the man who, in his Fourth of July speech, uttered the following words: "You listen to the orator. You hear him tell you that

freedom is now a mark of inferiority. . . . When are you going to laugh, Americans? When is the big laugh, the coarse, loud laugh, the harsh laugh of Americans, going to blurt out and fill the world? . . . When are you going to say, all as one man, and all together: 'We haven't even yet begun to live! We haven't even yet begun to create on this continent the new and untried and never yet realized world of freedom and security and self-respect!'"

★ ★ ★
Charles A.

Beard is probably the only man who could have written the *Balance Sheet of American History* on page 39. This feat called for an exceptional degree of creative scholarship. But in a sense it might also be said of Mr. Beard that "he was there." He associated much with his grandfathers and grandmothers, all born in America of colonial ancestors in the spacious days of Thomas Jefferson. He even remembers one of his great-grandmothers who was born in President Washington's administration. Thus, in a way, he has seen some of the 150 years of history to which the Balance Sheet relates.

*Features You Won't Want to Miss in the
October Coronet—out September 25th*

LOOKING FORWARD

PLOUGHSHARES AS SWORDS

by Henry Agard Wallace

It is not only the army that marches on its stomach. Facing what emergencies we know not, we have a right to ask the question: *Is Agriculture prepared?* If any man can answer that question it is Mr. Roosevelt's running mate—the man who has been our Secretary of Agriculture for nearly eight years.

THE ODDS ON GOING CRAZY

by Michael Evans

Insane asylums are filling up. The stresses and strains of existence become more severe every day. Aren't many of us on the way to losing our reason? This article will surprise you, in addition to bringing you up to date on that weird form of illness known as insanity.

LOOK HOMeward, HOLLYWOOD

by Martin Lewis

The loss of the movie industry's foreign market is a good hard slap. But a good hard slap is exactly what Hollywood needs to wake it up to its opportunities right here at home. First, however, it wouldn't hurt the producers to see a baseball game instead of a polo game once in a while.

OUR RENDEZVOUS WITH HITLER

by Julian S. Bach, Jr.

Here are thoughts that never occurred to you before, and yet they are the very factors that are most likely to shape our destiny for generations to come. A masterly "summing up" that you will want to re-read.

The Coronet Game Book

A special feature of the October issue—24 pages of quizzes, tests and games—all grouped together in one fun-provoking package — inspiring thought: stage a Coronet Game Book party one of these evenings.

- In addition: The Gallery of Photographs, a portfolio of animal pictures, word-and-photo sketches of World Series heroes of yesteryear, gatefold presentations in full color, and 12 other articles, short stories and marginal departments.

**WATCH YOUR NEWSSTAND
FOR THE OCTOBER CORONET**

THE CORONET WORKSHOP

Continuing the program of the Workshop, the editors here call upon the readers to assist in the solution of another problem of policy. Votes received in response to this announcement of Project No. 2 will conclusively

determine the program to be followed with respect to it. The results of the final balloting on Project No. 1 (the Cartoon Spread), as well as the winners of the awards in the letter contest, will be announced in the November issue.

PROJECT #2

SPECIAL ISSUES

This September number of Coronet, the America Issue, is a special issue in the sense that its contents are almost entirely devoted to a central theme. It gives you an opportunity to determine how well you like this concentrated editorial treatment as compared with the usual generalized type of issue. Please give this question your consideration and send in your vote for one of the following alternatives:

- a** - Publish as many special issues per year as can be successfully planned
- b** - Publish only one or, at most, two special issues per year
- c** - Publish several special issues during the year, but considerably reduce the number of pages directly devoted to the "specialty," running general features on about half the pages
- d** - Forget about special issues and provide the regular bill of fare the year around

Please indicate your opinion, either in a letter or on a postcard, and mail to the Coronet Workshop, Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

THE WORKSHOP CONTEST

In addition to casting your vote for one of the above alternatives, the editors would appreciate your taking the time to write a letter giving your reasons for so voting. All such letters will be considered for one of three awards: \$25 first prize, \$15 second prize, \$5 third prize. Letters must be limited to 100 words or less. The right to publish any letters received is reserved by Coronet. Please address the Coronet Workshop.

Manuscripts, photographs and other materials submitted for publication should be addressed to CORONET, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, and must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase. No responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage of unsolicited materials submitted. Subscribers' notices of change of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given